Hemisphere, Inc. *Joseph North Cables from Havana*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 6, 1940

CONSCRIPTION

Straitjacket for 42,000,000

by JULIAN WEBB

DEFENDING AMERICA

A Symposium

ROCKWELL KENT WM. CARLOS WILLIAMS
WILLIAM PICKENS BRUCE CRAWFORD

"World's End" reviewed by Samuel Sillen

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Between Ourselves

THIS is for you. You've been hot. You've been harried. The weather has gone to your head. You can't get out of town. You're tired. Well—NM has the key to your dreams—*an evening of delightful swimming to music*, in the biggest pool east of the Hudson. We mean the Swingswim, NM's own midsummer event, which takes place this Friday evening, August 2, at Lido Pool, on West 146th Street between Seventh and Lenox avenues. Enjoy an evening with your friends and especially with the NM editorial and office staff which will be present in force. The price is low—65 cents—and it includes your locker. We understand that a beauty contest will be the feature of the entertainment program. You can buy tickets at the Bookfair, 133 West 44th St., the Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St., or at this office, 461 Fourth Ave.

Though we are not mathematically inclined, we have been able to compute with the aid of a calendar and an adding machine that 1940's midsummer moment arrived at 3:41 p.m., July 31. This, therefore, is NM's midsummer issue and marks the close of our publishing schedule as we planned it late last spring. Several days ago the staff sat down to peer over the horizon and to make plans for the next several weeks.

And from this meeting comes important news for all NM readers. Joe North, as you know, is now in Cuba. He was fortunate enough to meet President-elect Fulgencio Batista. He sat down with him and discussed affairs in Cuba and what his plans for the future were. The interview, a real scoop, will be appearing in these pages soon. Joe also wrote to say that he has been to the interior of the island to meet workers in sugar, tobacco, and coffee, and especially to chat with the five Communist mayors who were recently elected by these same workers. That is another scoop for us.

The first of the two articles by R. Palme Dutt (we mentioned them last week) will appear in the next issue. Mr. Dutt, you know, is the editor of London's *Labour Monthly* and the author of that remarkable work published several years ago, *Fascism and Social Revolution*. He is also the author of the equally famous book, *World Politics*. Dutt's first article deals with the background of betrayal that made possible the rise to power of Petain and Laval. His second article discusses the forces at work in an England facing Nazi invasion. You will need these articles as your guide to the news in the critical weeks to come.

Turning back home, James Morison is busy these days preparing a story on developments along the American fascist front. He is attending meetings, interviewing little fuehrers, studying inside reports, dipping into the filthy flood of anti-democratic, anti-Semitic periodicals. The Coughlin victory in the Christian Front cases gave new impetus to the fascist drive, and NM, always first to report the facts about the terrorist gangs and their plans, is again performing a public service with this forthcoming series.

Frank J. Wallace, who wrote that popular treatment of the usually dry-as-dust subject, gold, for NM recently, is working on two articles on what a war economy will mean to America. Then from another sector of the wide battle front will come two articles by Harold Preece on terror in Illinois. That state will be one of the centers of the war industries and Mr. Preece has probed the manner in which the big boys are preparing to take care of those who insist on safeguarding civil rights.

Marion Greenspan, who saw democracy defend itself under the Spanish republic, has written an article in which he discusses the many lessons for America from that struggle. Our symposium on national defense and foreign policy continues next week with letters from Gen. Victor Yakhontoff, Lewis Gannett, Shaemas O'Sheel, and others.

Well, there's the hottest news, quite as hot as the season, if you'll ask us. Now as to distant horizons—we have spent quite a lot of time talking over our plans for covering the coming election campaign. We will deal thoroughly with both men and issues. From Washington Adam Lapin and others will continue to report on developments in the capital, where Mr. Roosevelt says he will conduct most of his campaign. We are preparing a long dossier on the past and present of the more peripatetic Mr. Willkie. Nor are we forgetting for a moment Messrs. Wallace and McNary. We will be carefully following the peace candidates, Earl Browder and his running mate, James W. Ford. Our program includes giving NM readers regional surveys of local political developments in the farm belt, in the Northwest, the Pacific Coast, and, of course, here in the industrial East.

This is a full schedule, about which we shall write in more detail as the spell of speechmaking begins. Just now the candidates are husbanding their resources for the long drive down to the ballot box.

The other day the director of a summer camp wrote us: "It's a puzzle to us up here in the mountain greenery," she said, "to understand why the politicians and business men don't shut up shop for the summer and let you and the other commentators go fishing." We would be perfectly willing to go fishing. But somehow the world isn't made that way. A reader of NM who sent us $10 in subscriptions following a Sunday morning meeting in his small community made a very apt remark in his note to us: "We really got out and dug for this money. Our neighbors are, in the main, worrisome people who want to know what to do about things. But they haven't much money. Nevertheless, they raised this sum jointly so that there'd be enough NM's to go around. You see, they figure that Congress is trying to put over that draft bill while most of the country is on a vacation. Some were even ashamed to be taking things easy in times like these. So they decided that help to NM was the best way to counteract the *schemers down in Washington*."

Don't forget the most important item on NM's agenda this week: Friday's Swingswim. See page 21.

Who's Who

JULIAN WEBB is a free lance writer and research worker in the field of national affairs. . . . Joseph Starobin is an editorial writer on NM, specializing in foreign affairs. . . . Adam Lapin is NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Washington. . . . Isidor Schneider is former literary editor of NM and author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*. . . . Charles Glenn is a columnist for the *People's World*, progressive West Coast daily.

Flashbacks

FREEDOM of the press seemed to many to be definitely established in the United States when on Aug. 4, 1735, a New York jury acquitted John Peter Zenger of a charge of libel for having criticized the administration of the local governor. . . . Though hobbling around on crutches with his leg broken and in a cast, IWW organizer Frank Little was active in a miners' strike in Butte, Mont., in 1917. At three o'clock on the morning of August 1 thugs entered his room in a Finnish rooming house, dragged him downstairs, and apparently fastened a rope around his neck and dragged him behind an automobile to a railroad bridge where he was hanged with a sign reading "3-7-77" around his neck. Other Butte labor leaders at this time received cards with this same sign "3-7-77," which meant three feet wide, seven feet long, and seventy-seven inches deep—the regulation size of a Montana grave. . . . Friedrich Engels died in London Aug. 5, 1895.

This Week

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NEW MASSES

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Conscription: Straitjacket for 42,000,000

The 1940 draft bill is more than just another step toward war. It *is* war, Wall Street's war on freedom in America. Let Congress hear from you.

THREE weeks ago NEW MASSES warned its readers to keep a vigilant eye on the Burke-Wadsworth compulsory military service bill ("Conscription and the Joneses," July 9). This revival of the drastic World War draft act was then gaining strength, though it seemed incredible that even a militarist-minded Congress could stomach so fundamentally un-American a proposal as that produced out of the army's top drawer—the one labeled "Military rule—probably possible only in time of war." But now conscription and military control for more than 42,000,000 Americans rapidly approaches reality. The principle of a universal peacetime draft has already been enthusiastically accepted by a majority of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Administration leaders have eased the way for the passage of a conscription law this week or next. So great has the War Department's power now grown in Washington that Sherman Minton, Senate Democratic whip who is accustomed to balk at taking orders from mere generals, was prompted to the meek announcement: "I'm for it if the War Department says it's necessary."

The War Department, needless to say, has nodded its head, and so compulsory military service is as near as tomorrow's newspaper. That is, unless in the few hours remaining the people realize what the congressional puppets of big business and the war machine are up to. Only a roar of protest so great in volume that it will rock both White House and Capitol can now stave off importation of the conscription camps of the Prussians and the czars, the Nazis and the fascists.

Let no one be deceived by the smokescreen of misinformation being laid down by the presidents of endowed colleges, newspaper publishers, clergymen, and others who owe their bread and butter to Wall Street. "Conscription" and "draft" are nasty words, so the press and the propagandists talk soothingly about "selective training." They are calling the compulsory military service bill a "measure to ensure peace"; in fact, it is a measure to ensure war. The terms of the draft are called "mild"; in fact, they are more severe than either of the two draft laws previously enacted by Congress in the heat of war. To combat popular indignation at the proposal to pay conscripts $5 a month (now raised to $21) the army officers have been saying that men with dependents will be required to do no more than register under military control. These, like other promises now being glibly made, have not been written into the bill, and such promises have no status in law. They do not in the least soften the cold truth that the 1940 conscription bill is one of the most ruthless, far-reaching schemes ever devised to enslave a supposedly free people.

Those who have brushed aside statements that conscription is a means of giving "training in health, hygiene, and personal care," to study the language of the bill itself as reported to Congress, see in it the means of conferring on the President and his collaborators in Wall Street and the War College the powers of a Mussolini or a Hitler over every adult male in America. (In this connection it is important to remember that Senator Burke, Senate sponsor of the bill and prime foe of labor, came back from a trip to Germany in 1938 with fulsome praise for Hitler and the claim that the Nazi dictator was "greater than Bismarck.") Lest there be any doubt of the extent to which Congress is surrendering 42,000,000 registrants to the whims of the army and J. Edgar Hoover's Gestapo, which is scheduled to assist in the enforcement of the law, consider the blank check in the bill under Section 12 (a):

> All regulations, proclamations, public notices, and directions promulgated by the President, or pursuant to his direction in carrying out the provisions of this act shall have the force and effect of law.

The provisions of the conscription bill and their effect on every American family may be summarized (subject to such minor changes as may have been made while this issue was going to press) as follows: All male citizens and non-citizens between the ages of eighteen and sixty-four who live in the United States and possessions are required to *register* for military service. The number *called* to service depends upon the wishes of the President. (Present plans are to have every person fill out an eight-page list of searching personal questions. This questionnaire, which has already been distributed in printed form by the War Department, is twenty times as detailed as that used by the census takers. Most of the questions have nothing whatsoever to do with the draft. It is obvious that their chief value will be to provide J. Edgar Hoover and his storm troops with 42,000,000 dossiers.) When the President has selected from the registrants "such number of men as, in his judgment, whether a state of war exists or not, are required" for military service, each man selected must surrender himself for forced service for one year, or until the end of any war which may be declared during the period of service. When each man has completed his year in a military camp, he shall for an indefinite period be considered an enlisted member of the Reserve Corps, and during such period shall be subjected to additional forced service for as much as a month a year. Members of Congress and other officials are exempted from service, and the President is given a free hand to defer (exempt) the services of others in accordance with the "national health, safety, or interest." (This is the innocent-sounding proviso under which, as noted below, labor may be drafted, and labor unions and critics of government policy may be silenced.) Stringent penalties are provided for those who evade registration or get in the way of carrying out the conscription program. It will be up to Hoover's G-men to decide if conscientious objectors are "sincere." One clause may possibly be construed to make the penalties under the act applicable to newspapers, magazines, and writers of articles such as the one you are now reading. The Burke-Wadsworth bill extends military jurisdiction to all who are called to service and hence places all conscripts under the shadow of military "justice." Those who remember the last war will know what this means. Courts martial are provided for, as are jail sentences up to five years and fines up to $10,000.

The Burke-Wadsworth bill not only follows the pattern of the 1917 draft bill, including its abuses; the new conscription bill is in part a word-for-word replica of S. 1721 (74th Cong., 1st Sess.). This bill the Nye committee found in a portfolio of legislation which the War Department was holding in readiness to jam through Congress the day the United States declared war. The Nye committee did not then contemplate that the War Department would ever try to get its war bill passed in time of peace. Dealing with it as a war measure, the Nye committee condemned it as so dangerous to American freedom that Congress should "limit its own powers" and refuse to pass such a bill unless it previously had submitted the matter to voters in a national referendum.

As an example of the War Department's power under the conscription plan to break strikes or to compel men in the military forces to operate industrial plants while in uniform, the Nye committee calls attention to matters in its own record and to the minority report

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of the Graham committee after the last war. The latter report discusses the activities of one Colonel Disque who had been the warden of the Michigan Penitentiary and who, after the United States declared war, was put in charge of lumber operations on the West Coast. With the acquiescence of the secretary of war, Colonel Disque placed his woodsmen in uniform under military control and proceeded to "farm out American soldiers in the woods and mills of Oregon and Washington and to build railways for private contractors. . . ." According to Senator Clark, "Colonel Disque had nearly thirty thousand men employed as laborers, whom he put in uniform and subjected to military discipline during the war. . . . In one case Colonel Disque broke a strike on the Pacific Northwest by the use of these men in uniform. . . ."

A distinguished witness before the War Policies Commission was asked the following question: "What do you think about the government drafting about twice as many men as it needs and then taking those that it does not need for strictly fighting purposes and using them as labor?" In his reply the witness excused such practices "in specialized instances, as for example our timber situation in the Northwest"—presumably a reference to Colonel Disque's Hitler-like operations in Washington and Oregon. The witness indicated that "conditions of alien activity" would also come within the category of instances in which forced military labor might be used. Every newspaper reader knows that editors and congressmen have been sighting "alien activity" on every horizon and in every war industry for months. To quote the Nye committee:

> With a draft act such as the War Department contemplates, then this country will have for all practical purposes a draft of labor. . . . Workers would have to accept the particular job indicated to them. . . . Furthermore, the government authorities could break any strike simply by canceling the deferments [exemptions] of the strike leaders and as many of their men as necessary and drafting them into the army. . . . Especially will this be true if the personnel of the draft boards is like that of the other war agencies in being composed mainly of men sympathetic to the employer's point of view.

If there was any doubt that the War Department intends to keep its finger on deferments and thus be able to use them as the Nye committee has indicated, that doubt was seemingly dispelled by the testimony of Brig. Gen. William E. Shedd before the House committee on July 24. The New York *Times* of the following day reports that Shedd insisted that the War Department be left "the power over detailed exemptions under the proposed training program." The *Daily Mirror* of July 25 quotes Shedd as demanding "a system of 'deferred' drafts with the army free to decide in what order the deferred groups might be called." The *Times* of June 21 prints the text of the statement prepared by the sponsors of the bill, which states that conscription will make possible "a systematic plan so designed that each man may serve in the capacity where he will be most effective" and where there will be no interference with "the arts and sciences essential to war."

To understand the meaning of the high-pressure conscription drive, it is important to review the circumstances under which it began.

About the middle of June word got around in Washington that the President's youth-training program—a thoroughly objectionable but less ambitious scheme designed to "knock the isms" out of two million boys and girls—might be administered by Roosevelt's recruits from the ranks of labor, notably by Sidney Hillman of the CIO. On June 19 the New York *Times* announced that the Roosevelt-Hillman plan was ready to be sent to Congress. On June 20 Senator Burke rushed the army's conscription bill into the congressional hopper. As the New York *Post* of June 21 explained, the War Department and labor-hating congressmen were thrown into a frenzy by the thought of a labor union official having a hand in the training program.

The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce happened to be holding a convention on June 21. The Chamber hurriedly rushed through a resolution supporting conscription. The hierarchy of the American Medical Association likewise promptly added its support by unanimously adopting the mobilization plan drawn up by the surgeon general of the United States Army.

Six days later in New York a remarkable "private" luncheon took place in Wall Street's exclusive Broad Street Club. The Military Training Camp Association, of which Wall Street lawyer Grenville Clark is chairman and Col. Julius Ochs Adler of the New York *Times* is vice chairman, were hosts to a number of "civic, business, and professional leaders." Grenville Clark told this exclusive Who's Who of finance: "Our main objective is just one thing—to put before the country and obtain the prompt passage of this selective compulsory military training bill or something like it. That is 80 or 90 percent of our objective."

Lewis Douglas, Willkie backer, Wall Street power, and one of the 1915-17 founders of the Plattsburg Camps, then took the floor and said that "a group of the same men who sponsored the 'Plattsburg idea' in foresight of the First World War had met and resolved how to raise $275,000 to press with the public for national compulsory military training."

But despite the eloquent pleading for conscription that had gone before, it was left for New York's Governor Lehman, the offices of whose great family banking firm are but a few hundred steps from the Broad Street Club, to deliver the most telling argument for forced military service to protect the Wall Street institutions. Governor Lehman let the

What the Nye Committee Said

THIS bill [a counterpart of the Burke-Wadsworth bill] and the industrial mobilization plan puts the entire male population of the nation under military control by giving the War Department the power to cancel the deferment [exemption] of men not inducted into the military force in case such men do not work "continuously" in such places . . . as the government finds they should work, under penalty of being drafted into military service or being cut off from food, fuel, and the other necessities of life.

The committee finds that [this bill], which puts all male labor under registration and provides for such penalties and also for courts martial in case any of the registrants "fail or neglect fully to perform any duty required of him" can be used to effect and enforce a draft of labor and to remove, in effect, the right of any laborer to refuse employment in private industry under conditions or at wages which do not satisfy his needs. The power to call into military service any union or other representatives of labor who become spokesmen for other employees in attempts to secure higher wages is the power to break strikes. This can also be done through the use of military force in removing the spokesman from the plant involved to other plants or cutting off the food allowances of all strikers.

There is nothing in [the bill under discussion] to prevent the use of men in the military forces to operate industrial plants while in uniform, which was done in at least one case in the last war. There is also nothing to prevent the War Department from inducting all the workers in any plant in the country into military service, forcing them to work in that plant under military orders.

The democratic treatment of labor, under the Constitution, is essential to the survival of our institutions, and should not be replaced by a military control over labor unless a change in our institutions has been previously authorized by the people in the form of amendments to the Constitution.

In view of the increasing growth in the world of governmental dictatorships, enforced by the military powers, over large groups of the population, and the constant temptation therewith presented to certain elements in democracies such as ours to solve their own problems by force, the committee finds that it is not advisable in the permanent interests of the nation to attempt in wartime to draft civilian labor, directly or indirectly. . . .

In view of the growth of dictatorships in the world using labor under military control, it is very important that the people weigh the grave dangers to our democracy involved in the draft of manpower and labor under the conditions proposed. The price of a war may be actual operating dictatorship, under military control, in this country.—*From pages 4-5, Senate Report No. 944, Part 4, 74th Congress, Second Session, by the Special Committee on Investigation of the Munitions Industry. June 1, 1936.*

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cat out of the bag. It is not an invasion of armies or navies that Wall Street wants conscription to protect us against. It is an "infiltration" of doctrines. The governor said:

> There are many people who still complacently depend on the protection of the great oceans which wash our shores. . . . These people are deluding themselves and their neighbors and are helping to create an attitude which may result in a highly dangerous situation. Oceans will no longer ensure us against the infiltration of subversive doctrines. . . .

James Cromwell has also seen the light. Writing in the *American Forum,* published in the New York *Post* of June 29, he said: "It is my opinion that every good American should have a military rifle and know how to use it. This would be a perfect defense against fifth column activities. . . ." In his plea for conscription, Mr. Cromwell continued, whether consciously or unconsciously, to echo the War Department's dream of a draft of labor under military control. "If we discover that we have more men than can be given military training, other work . . . may be substituted."

Before the Wall Street meeting of June 21 the groundwork for conscription may have been laid by a secret New York get-together on April 29. According to *In Fact* of May 20, a number of persons, including Henry L. Stimson, Wendell Willkie, Thomas Lamont, and Lewis Douglas, gathered to consider a memorandum, prepared by one of those present, "which was generally accepted as expressing the outlook" of the group. The memorandum suggested in part:

> The inner political, economic, and social structures of nations are rapidly being undermined by revolutionary unrest among workers, farmers, and the smaller middle classes; . . . therefore, the United States should . . . build its army, navy, and air force with every energy.

With these evidences that conscription camps were on the agenda of Wall Street's war program, the drive began in earnest. The New York *Herald Tribune,* as late as June 11, had expressed serious doubts as to the need for conscription:

> From a strictly military point of view the great need at the moment is machines not men. . . . [Conscription] should not be undertaken until we are sure it will help rather than confuse the practical progress of a defense program based in military realism.

The fact is that the whole conscription argument rests on a deliberate fraud. The public is being told that compulsory military service is necessary because voluntary enlistment has failed to provide the men necessary for national defense. Examination of testimony of army and navy officers before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on July 12—those portions not reported in the press—reveals the falsity of this argument. Gen. George C. Marshall, army chief of staff, told the committee:

> In June we went ahead with enlisting the force without all of the funds necessary and had to be a little cautious until the appropriation bill was actually signed; but I think we secured eighteen thousand men in June. Our quota, which we assigned ourselves, was about fifteen thousand by the end of the month, and we reached the fifteen thousand ten days before the end of the month. In other words, recruiting went ahead in good shape.

Rear Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, admitted that the navy now has seven thousand men on the waiting list. Maj. Gen. Milton A. Reckord, adjutant general of the Maryland National Guard, told the Senate committee that "the proponents of this bill have taken a much larger bite than was necessary at this time." In response to a question he hinted guardedly at the real motives behind the conscription drive.

> I think the proponents of the bill had another reason, if you want my honest opinion. I think that by registering all of the men we will make all of the people of this nation come to a realization of the world conditions confronting us. I cannot understand why they used those figures unless they had something like that in mind.

The Gallup poll and the Roper (*Fortune*) poll conveniently appeared at this time with results purporting to show widespread popular support for conscription. Col. Julius Ochs Adler, too busy acting as aide to the secretary of war and lobbyist for conscription to negotiate with the five hundred-odd Newspaper Guild members on his New York *Times* staff, harangued the National Editorial Association which was holding its convention in New York City. According to the *Times* of June 19, he "impressed upon newspaper editors throughout the country yesterday the 'imperative' need for compulsory military training. . . . He urged them to 'wire editorials' home in support of the bill." Apparently Adler's plea was heeded because soon the War Department publicity machine was sending out releases stating that 87 percent of the press approved conscription. Question: If the compulsory military service bill becomes law, how many guild members on Colonel Adler's staff will be conscripted?

Meanwhile, apart from the slowly gathering opposition of church, labor, and progressive groups, up to the end of last week only a few opposing voices had made themselves heard. One obstacle has been the long-standing press boycott of all peace meetings and peace speeches. Another has been fear of reprisals by the army, the FBI, or others if objections are openly expressed. Still another handicap has been the congressional committees' treatment of witnesses who have appeared in opposition to the bill. Judge William Clark of the circuit court of appeals in Newark was allowed to march into the hearing room dressed in the khaki military shirt and trousers and red, white, and blue armband of the Plattsburg training camp to read a pro-conscription resolution signed by Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council. But when the president of the class of '40 of George Washington University tried to present youth's case against conscription, jeers interrupted almost every sentence. A spokesman for the National Council for the Prevention of War told the committee that he believed the bill created more of an emergency than any threat from Hitler. He was shouted down, but polite applause greeted a District of Columbia teacher who said that "America's greatest task is the building of planes and tanks and teaching our young men how to use them."

Congressional opposition, despite mounting piles of mail from every section of the country, has been timid, cautious, and compromising. Senator Capper called the draft a blow "at the heart of personal liberty and personal freedom"; Senator Nye said, "Compulsory military training can bring us nothing but a breakdown of the American way"; Senator Norris called the conscription bill a "murder" draft to convert the United States into a militaristic bully; Senator Wheeler has pledged to fight the bill to the bitter finish in the Senate. Apart from this scattering of senators, few have spoken. Perhaps congressmen, too, fear reprisals. It was about the time the Burke-Wadsworth bill was introduced that J. Edgar Hoover's super-Gestapo was investigating Senator Nye for alleged Nazi sympathies. But the senators who are silent have been eloquent enough in fighting off all attempts to tax excess war profits of corporations swollen with the pickings of the greatest war orders of all time. As *PM* commented on July 24: "Apparently it's easier to draft men than to tax preparedness profits. . . . When it's men it's all very simple. When it's money, it's all very complex."

If the United States is not to abandon itself to military rule, everything depends upon the speed with which the country is able to make its wishes known to Congress in such a form as to outweigh Wall Street dollars and Wall Street orders. You have written, wired, and telephoned your congressmen before, *but remember that the present campaign to put 42,000,000 Americans under military control is more dangerous to freedom than any bill introduced in Congress in your lifetime. Remember that forced peacetime military service is a first step toward the fascist conquest of America.* You have given generously to build labor unions, to finance peace drives, to keep progressive newspapers and magazines afloat, *but remember that peace talks, unions, and a free press will never be tolerated in the proposed conscription camps.*

The issue is clear. Either this is the beginning of the end for democratic America, or the War Department and Wall Street must be rudely awakened from their dreams of smashing the labor movement, eliminating progressive opposition, and extending military control and the threat of court martial over all adult American men. The 1940 conscription bill is more than just another step toward war. It *is* war, Wall Street's war on freedom in America. JULIAN WEBB.

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Hemisphere, Inc.

Secretary Hull encounters tough sledding at Havana. The dollar hasn't finished talking; nor has the pound, the reichsmark, or the yen. A firsthand report by Joseph North.

Havana (by cable, July 29).

THE almighty dollar has talked loud and long since the piece below was written, and the stubborn Argentine delegation has hearkened. Secretary Hull seems to have won an "accord" on the question of mandates or, as euphemism has it, collective trusteeship. The so-called commission on the preservation of peace unanimously voted a convention pledging "concerted action" should any colonies in the Americas be "threatened" by European powers. The term "self-determination" of colonies and "all territories of the Americas" was written into the resolution to comply with popular pressure (some skeptic unpleasantly asked if anybody around here meant Puerto Rico). The agreement was reached after two days of debate during which the Argentine delegation, led by the aristocractic Dr. Leopoldo Melo, threatened to break up the fragile conference. Senor Melo held out valiantly until the ante was raised.

Asst. Secy. of State Adolph Berle meanwhile was walking around the Hotel Nacional as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Though he surrendered the hot term "cartel" some observers believe he is gaining headway with a set of proposals which after the conference will permit him to continue striving toward what amounts to a cartel. Marketing of surpluses caused by the war—one of the hemisphere's principal headaches—will be submitted to a permanent economic commission at Washington. The United States, others say, hasn't had rousing success disposing of its own surpluses and it is dubious whether a half billion in additional funds handed to the Export-Import bank can do the job. It is believed that Wall Street has jacked the expense account here considerably to reach some form of agreement now, in order to push ahead after the conference. These are all "minimum" demands of US imperialism.

Popular currents are evident here too. They keep swirling to the surface, to the discomfiture of most of the delegates—a gentry in the main as representative of democracy as Neville Chamberlain. Mexico has presented a demand for consideration of political refugees, Spaniards and others. It has met with considerable response in reaction to popular demand in Latin America—and the United States—for the rescue of Europe's valiant homeless.

One of the delegates told me today Latin America fears the United States is trying to tie it to FDR's war chariot, and they have other ideas south of the Rio Grande. War isn't to the taste of the peoples here, he said, and they are pigheadedly unwilling to die for any imperialism whether it be of the dollar, pound, reichsmark, or yen variety. This great shell game isn't finished. It will continue after the big tent is taken down. Much of it will go on in Washington, to which some of the leading delegates have been "invited." Dr. Melo himself is leaving for his "vacation" after the conference and it is "believed" he will pay President Roosevelt a courtesy call. Incidentally, another notable has left for the USA, the tireless General Almazan. Little rest for the haggard State Department boys these days.

Havana (by mail, July 27)

IT IS a grim battle, this Battle of the Western Hemisphere. Though shot and shell are not roaring over the palm trees, don't underestimate the significance of the campaign. Cordell Hull's delegation has brought up to the lines every conceivable diplomatic weapon, from humanitarian resolution to covert threat, and finally, but by no means least, the Almighty Dollar. Only the steel of blitzkrieg remains, but the Dollar hasn't finished talking.

Most of this war is going on inside the fancy rooms of the Hotel Nacional, overlooking sunny Havana harbor, just across the bay from Morro Castle. Though the twenty million dollar Capitol, gleaming in white marble, is supposed to be the center of operations, nothing seems to get to it that hasn't been thrashed out at the ritzy hotel. There's no common denominator at Havana: it is a jumble of conflicting wills and ambitions, and the unraveling of this complex is practically impossible here.

Everything is happening in secret: the pressmen either guess at what is going on or take the official position that all is harmony and light and that everything will turn out beautifully in the end. But that's hard to swallow. The other day some newspapermen encircled Manini Rios, a Uruguayan delegate, and harassed him into blurting out: "Our lips have been sealed. We do not know anything; we are not allowed to talk to the press." The questions pertained to the events in the Peace Preservation Committee, over which, incidentally, Mr. Hull presides. So it has been with every commission. The reason is obvious: disunity. The Hull delegation is doing its damnedest to keep news of that fact from swinging around both continents.

The Yankees really came to the conference with two strikes on them. Their plan seems to have been to speak eloquently, to drape themselves in the faded garments of the Good Neighbor policy, to voice the aspirations for freedom of Latin America—and to peel the old bankroll in public. The $500,000,000 to the Export-Import Bank for Latin American purposes, timed to correspond with Mr. Hull's opening speech, was consummate, yet obvious strategy. Imperialism believes that all nations have their price. But in this case the gamble is for huge stakes and $500,000,000 may not be enough.

For others are bidding too. Not openly, not as spectacularly as Washington, but the bids are there. To understand Havana, and many an observer here has confessed he'd like to know what the hell is going on, one must realize the following.

Havana represents the gigantic vying of imperialisms. But not only that; national bourgeois interests of Latin American states are clashing with imperialism's ambitions. And still more than that: popular currents are running here too—the wills of such progressive movements as those in Chile, in Mexico, and other Latin lands are manifest.

A principal phenomenon of this white war is that nothing is what it seems. Everybody hears "Nazi imperialism" (it is here, but in secondary place) but the principal imperialist combatants are Wall Street and London's City. Of course, the Japanese yen is here and the reichsmark is pushing hard, but the dollar and the pound face each other. And Washington is in dread that the pound and reichsmark may get together and the military Battle of Britain may become the economic Battle of the Western Hemisphere. It is a consideration that falls within the range of possibilities. When one examines the trade statistics of Latin America one immediately realizes what a menace that union would constitute for Wall Street.

The United States' main sphere of influence is in the Caribbeans and Central America. The farther away you get from the Rio Grande the more you run into European and Asiatic influences. Down at the bottom of the continent you find Argentina, problem child of the conference as far as Mr. Hull is concerned. And, for different reasons, Chile, with her Popular Front government and ambitious national bourgeoisie, has been a cantankerous delegation. The Argentinians, everybody here knows, whether they say it or not, are carrying the banner for the City and manifest other European influences also. That is the basis for their recalcitrance. The other night the Argentine delegate Leopoldo Melo failed to show up at a session chairmanned by Mr. Hull; and, as the story has it, he neglected to notify the committee that he would be absent. This story, if true (and one can only guess at its veracity, for nobody's talking), is of a piece with Argentina's behavior here since the opening. The delegation arrived in Havana a day late, a somewhat ostentatious show of independence (although they did arrive in an American gunboat which did its best to get here in

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face-saving time). Now that they're here, they haven't tried to make Mr. Hull happy. They have bucked the United States on practically every question—from that of "collective trusteeship" of the European colonies (don't use the word "mandate") to Mr. Adolph Berle's well concealed "economic agreement" plans (don't use the word "cartel").

I was told an interesting little story by an American attache as the explanation for Argentina's misbehavior. It seems that "we," back in 1833, failed to respond to Buenos Aires' pleas for help when Britain was picking up the Falkland Islands. "We" interpreted the Monroe Doctrine as having nothing to do with the Falklands and the Argentinians have never forgotten. Well, they may be motivated by a vengeful spirit, but it is quite probable that more tangible and more contemporary considerations are operating. They are acting as Britain's shock troops in this hard campaign, whether that is being openly said or not. The basis for this is easy to trace, even without keyhole evidence. A breakdown of Argentina's imports for 1939 shows the following: 17.4 percent came from the United States but 20.1 percent came from Great Britain. Germany accounted for 10.3 percent and France for 4.7 percent. Argentina is one of the world's largest corn exporters, and one of the world's greatest beef exporters, direct competitor with the Yankee beef merchants and the Chicago pitmen. She cannot sell these products to the USA and her biggest markets have been Great Britain and the Continent. Hence her relative unwillingness to dance to Mr. Hull's most provocative tunes.

It goes without saying that the economic phase of the conference far outweighs all other considerations, be they the disposition of colonies, military bases, or whatnot. As Juan Marinello told me (he is the noted writer who recently ran for mayor here on a popular ticket; his showing greatly disconcerted the other parties): "They're not talking now of 'cartel.' That word is taboo. But the substance remains. Mr. Berle continues along the same lines but today they use the term 'economic cooperation.' And what does that consist of? Its real meaning is Yankee monopoly of all imports and exports of the Latin American countries. The trusts of the northern colossus will control the basic production of the whole of America. What government here is loco enough to accept such a condition voluntarily?"

Indeed, the Chileans countered the American economic proposals with a resolution that brought the silence which signifies stern disapproval. In fact it was something of a bombshell. They had the temerity to propose that ways and means be considered to help the Latin American countries regain control of their own resources, of industries which are owned by foreign interests. That was the unkindest cut of all—it hit near the heart of imperialism. Practically every land here finds its public services, its major industries controlled or owned outright by European or American corporations. Mexico, for example, was bound to warm to this proposition; her 1938 experience in oil expropriation made that certain. Cuba, whether she dare say so or not, was sure to agree, and likewise practically every nation with an aspiring national bourgeoisie, as well as lands that possess well defined popular movements.

All the preliminary talk of cartel is muted almost to silence. The talk of mandate, latterly changed to "collective trusteeship," has encountered strong resistance. President-elect Batista's formula, *"Why not give them independence?"* was too simple, too dangerous for Washington to heed. Indeed, Colonel Batista's proposal was one of the indications of genuinely popular pressures operating here. Originally Cuba's delegation was considered a mouthpiece for Uncle Sam. But Batista threw a monkeywrench in the works by his proposal for freedom for the colonies. Reflecting the feeling of the Cuban people, his words have in turn affected the operations of the official Cuban delegates—reactionary in the main—and they have had to trim their sails. For the people of Cuba have no illusions about the big talk; they've heard that story before. In fact the day the convention opened scarcely a handful stood before the grand Capitol. A few platoons of soldiers did the official honors as the delegates traipsed up the red-carpeted marble stairway, but the folk of Cuba were conspicuously absent. They were a few blocks away, down the Prado, watching the Lions, whose convention was opening the same day. They gave the latter a much bigger hand. At least the Lions in their fezzes and blazers were amusing.

I was told that Secretary Hull commands the respect and devotion of the Latin Americans, that he symbolizes the Good Neighbor policy, but I am afraid I was misinformed. Yankee imperialism remains Yankee imperialism to the Latins below the Rio Grande—all the soft accents of Mr. Hull cannot alter that.

As for the people, all the talk of democracy and independence, totalitarianism and peace, is considered so much talk by the Latin Americans. The people are too wise and disillusioned. They made short shrift of the Sumner Welles blast against the Soviet Union the other day. The Havana *Post,* Yankee organ in Havana, carried big headlines on Mr. Welles' chastisement of the USSR in the case of the Baltic lands. The *Post* quoted Welles prominently and concluded how differently "we" in the western hemisphere do things from the Asiatic Soviets. Nobody doubts that the Welles statement was specifically written for Latin American consumption during the conference, but one must admit that it was not the best move the State Department could have made. Mr. Welles is probably the best hated person in Latin America, and any man on the street here in Havana more than likely participated in that raucous day's events back in 1934 when Mr. Welles rode down the main street with crowds on both curbstones chanting:

Mr. Welles, go to hell.
Mr. Welles, go to hell.

Their accent may have been poor, but I got the idea. JOSEPH NORTH.

This is the first of a series by Joseph North on the pan-American conference and on Cuba.

Robert Martin

The Boss Wants to Know

THE Armstrong Rubber Co. of West Haven, Conn., couldn't wait for Congress to pass Senator Reynolds' measures to bar all Communists from private industry and limit employment of "aliens" to 10 percent. As soon as the Senate had okayed Reynolds' proposals, but before the House had even begun to discuss them, the company's president, J. A. Walsh, sent a lengthy memorandum to all his employees. It was so worded that the workers would think Reynolds' bill was already law. The memorandum begins by threatening "every foreigner" in the plant who had not yet taken out first citizenship papers. Then it goes into the usual teeth-chattering talk about "Communist agents" and "fifth columns" abroad and in America. Finally, there is a questionnaire to be filled out by all employees "truthfully and promptly" upon pain of dismissal. Sample questions: "Are you a registered Communist? Have you ever attended a Communist meeting? How many times? Where? (Give street number and city or town). When? (Give approximate dates.) Were you ever invited to a Communist meeting? Who invited you? Give the names of others at the meeting. Have you any information about the activities of the Communists or the Bund or their members?" Reynolds' proposals were attached as amendments to the La Follette Civil Liberties Bill. They forbid the anti-labor espionage which this questionnaire makes mandatory.

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Defending America

Rockwell Kent, William Pickens, Bruce Crawford, and William Carlos Williams give their views on problems of foreign policy and national defense.

NEW MASSES has asked a number of prominent individuals to comment on the proposals contained in an editorial article, "Who Shall Defend America?" published in its July 16 issue. This article pointed out that true national defense must have as its cornerstone an economic and political program in both domestic and foreign affairs that defends the interests of the majority of the American people rather than the interests of Wall Street. It sharply criticized the reactionary foreign policy of the Roosevelt administration and proposed a new foreign policy based on four main principles: (1) strict neutrality in the European imperialist war; (2) abandonment of aggressive policies in Latin America and of collaboration with dictatorial governments and ıbstitution of genuine good neighbor meaures that will give support to the democratic ıovements below the Rio Grande and help he Latin American countries become industrialized and independent; (3) abandonment of the efforts to appease Japan and substitution of an embargo on all trade with the Japanese aggressor and of full material and political aid to China; (4) collaboration with the Soviet Union in the Far East and in Europe to limit aggression and establish a democratic peace.

A number of replies have already been received to our request for comment. We are publishing four of them in this issue. Others will appear in subsequent issues. We also invite comment from our readers. William Carlos Williams, noted poet and novelist, both agrees and disagrees with us. He writes:

Replying to your note of July 12 asking me to comment on the article from the current NEW MASSES, "Who Shall Defend America?" I wish my mind were made up so that I should not have to weigh and consider what I have to say but pour it out to you without check. That is not the case. I am not satisfied with my thinking. I cannot find a basis for thought that is satisfactory to me. It is a fatal weakness.

The only possible answer to your question, Who Shall Defend America? is, all of us. That's where it begins and that's where I want to begin. That is the secret of the attack we are suffering. In other words, the thought appears to be unimportant so long as it be driven home. For could anything be emptier than the spiritless concept of Nazi domination? I think it is the complete disgust with an existence in which such a concept could become predominant which sets us back on our heels.

What does your article actually signify? Internal dissention, nothing more. But what you say and what I have to say are at this moment supremely unimportant. Apparently you will find it impossible to join forces with those to whom you are politically and philosophically opposed. Is there no basis on which you can stand together?

Remember at least this, that every opinion you express is an opinion modified by the conditions under which you express it. When you speak as you do in "Who Shall Defend America?" remember you are expressing opinions in the United States under conditions existing there which permit you to speak as you do. Because of this you should acknowledge and make room in your thought for that modifying principle. Do you?

For myself I would not change those conditions under any circumstance. *There* is a ground on which we might stand, that's something to fight for —blackened and marred as it may be today, and is, I acknowledge it. Granted that permanence of tradition, that fixed and unalterable principle of our democracy, I will grant you that the shocking facts you truthfully speak of touching our foreign policy should be blazoned from every housetop. You are completely right in what you say.

But I am not the government. Wrong as it may be, I'd say, today, let us copy this much from the Nazis, let us stand together willfully as they are made to do by murderous force and the more so since we have at least one basis, tolerance, to give us courage and faith and spiritual power against their emptiness.

I have always believed and written that we should maintain a hands-off policy in Russia. I have urged where I could that we should give the Soviet republics full recognition and trade with them, treat them with the same respect we should require from them toward us on their part. I believe they are today the greatest force for peace in the world.

This is where I stop. I don't imagine that I've done more than brush your armor. If that.

William Pickens, director of branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, doesn't seem to like our ideas at all. However, he wrongly attributes to us the rejection of measures of military defense. On the contrary, the point we made is that military measures can be effective only as an integral part of an economic and political program. Writes Mr. Pickens:

I am wondering just how America is to be defended at all against forces like that in Hitler's hands if America tries to defend itself with mere politics and economics and moral persuasion. As doubtless 90 percent of all Americans will continue to see it, if that force attacks us, it can only be successfully met by a like or greater force. I have no doubt that the other 10 percent of the Americans who do not see that simple thing now will see it very quickly if force is applied.

However, meanwhile we must do everything we can through politics and preaching and editorials to prevent the necessity for the use of force. We must not be so foolish, however, as not to be prepared for the use of the utmost force. Personally, I am in entire agreement with the President and the Congress that we need a competent navy in both oceans. It would be almost idiotic to fail to do it while we can do it.

Bruce Crawford, Southern editor, writer, and battler for progressive causes, though "a New Deal Democrat who favors a third term for the Roosevelt administration," finds a great deal of merit in our proposals. Mr. Crawford once edited a crusading paper called *Crawford's Weekly*. More recently he has been engaged in newspaper work in West Virginia. He writes us from Charleston in that state:

Whatever I may think of your article in its entirety, I am sure all honest, truly patriotic Americans will agree with this passage of yours: "We favor all necessary measures for defense of the liberties and independence of the American people against attack from any source. These measures are not only military, but economic and political as well. In fact, unless the military measures are an integral part of an economic and political program, it is likely that they will be used not for national defense, but for national betrayal, as was recently the case in France."

Although a New Deal Democrat who favors a third term for the Roosevelt administration as against Willkie the Wizard of the Utility Oz, I am constrained to agree with your diagnosis of both the domestic and world situation. Your position, moreover, is not much different from the professed attitudes of many high-placed Americans. Take a few:

Sen. Burton K. Wheeler has declared that as a nation we must see to it that our own masses enjoy democratic liberties and economic opportunity if we are to preserve democracy in a world fast going anti-democratic under pressure of an exploiting few.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt a few days ago said that the real threat to America is the great mass of impoverished people who do not have opportunity to make a living.

John L. Lewis, who represents a vast number of patriotic Americans, declared recently with original New Deal indignation: "A country which treats its aged like refugees can never defend itself. A country which pushes its unemployed around like criminals can never defend itself. A country which denies jobs to its youth cannot be strong, no matter how many billions it finds for airplanes and tanks."

And not a great while ago President Roosevelt said that we must "make democracy work" in this country as a condition for peace, prosperity, and national defense. More recently Mr. Roosevelt stressed the urgency of preserving New Deal gains. The "Washington Merry-Go-Round" quoted the President as having told Admiral Leahy that American labor must not be broken on the wheel of defense as French labor was broken by the Daladier government, and that industrialists would have to "make sacrifices" which formerly were made by the working people alone.

When such outstanding Americans recognize and acknowledge these prime conditions for national well-being and genuine defense, you certainly cannot be termed subversive for laying special emphasis on such prerequisites for defense.

I do not see why any American who sincerely hates Hitler and his fascist collaborators could oppose our collaboration with Soviet Russia, the only remaining great power whose interests, as you

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those of the United
.d." If Britain, be-
her ruling tories,
:zi Germany, then
.y great country left
.ave friendly relations and a
Nazism and fascism.

a democrat who has pledged himself not to overthrow his government by force or violence (exclamation points), I wish here to reaffirm my passionate belief in rule by vote of the majority, in the rights of minorities as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, and in the American *form* of government. Whatever changes may be deemed advisable in our economic and social system can be brought about under our traditional form of government with its legislative, judicial, and executive branches. It is not our form of government which has been in need of modernizing, but our social order. There is no limit—and our fifth column reactionaries know this—to what a truly informed and militant majority of our people can do for themselves under this very form of government. That is why those who would profiteer our defense program at the expense of the masses believe in the poll tax and other forms of disfranchisement. They would disfranchise their victims while at the same time counseling them to resort to ways that are not violent! We should make sure that our economic royalists do not wreak fatal violence upon our democracy as their counterparts have done to democracy in France and Britain. Defense must be in the interest of all our people, and by all our people exercising their democratic rights, if it is to be basically patriotic.

In defending democracy in NEW MASSES, I realize there are fascist wolves in democratic clothing who will say: "That's one liberty you shall not exercise. If you do, you are a Red." Well, it will be a sad day for our democratic America when the only place where we can defend it is in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Rockwell Kent, one of America's most famous artists, thinks we are on the right track; he signs his letter, "Yours for a third party." Mr. Kent, who heads the New York local of the United American Artists (CIO), writes:

That, as NEW MASSES has stated in the article "Who Shall Defend America?" "the American people are today faced with the necessity of making decisions regarding foreign policy and national defense that are of the gravest importance to their future welfare" is plain fact. We are approaching a presidential election, a time at which the two major parties, representing presumably opposing schools of political thought, should be offering the American people an opportunity to make that decision at the polls. That no such opportunity is offered is nothing short of tragic.

At a time when at least nine-tenths of the voters of America are united for one objective, namely to keep out of war and establish prosperity and security at home, they will be offered on election day two candidates, both of whom will be in virtual agreement on a domestic policy that involves the abridgment of the people's democratic rights, the neglect of their immediate economic and cultural problems, and a foreign policy that will unquestionably, sooner or later, lead us into war.

War or Peace; Foreign Markets or Home Markets. Let us be honest with ourselves and call the alternatives exactly what they are: Imperialism or Isolationism; and frankly face the necessity of choosing between the two. Those of us who for the solution of our social problems advocate drastic changes in our political and economic system are often treated by our opponents as though we were of another world, and consequently ignorant of the workings and resultant blessings of the system under which we live. The fact is that all of us who live in America today are equally informed about the workings of our system. We have all actually, or in imagination, partaken of the blessings that it has to offer and of its burdens and sorrows. The system has given us depressions, continued unemployment, underprivilege, and poverty for many millions, and the crushing burden of recurrent war preparedness. It has given us in recent years one major war. It is threatening us at the moment with involvement in another major war. That wars and depressions and unemployment and poverty are not sought for by the masses of our people, not contrived by them as being in the nature of a realization of their ambitions, that they are, on the contrary, catastrophes that are loathed and feared and fought against, should incline us to realize that since they *do* occur, and have become in fact all but inseparable from our thought of present day existence, they are inevitable fruits of the system under which we live. It is because many of us have come to that tragic conclusion that we fervently advocate embarking immediately upon the arduous task of changing the system.

When advocating, in discussion, a national program under which the development of our own resources and of the well-being and consequent buying power of our people is the keynote, I am asked: "What will become of our Monroe Doctrine if we don't have a two-ocean navy, a fleet of twenty-five or fifty thousand planes, and compulsory military service?" I have to answer: "We must give it up. We must give up attempting to maintain a foothold in China. We must give up the Philippines; we must give up all attempt to maintain by force our trade relations with South America and Mexico; and we must resign ourselves to becoming dependent upon our own national continental resources." And I am consistent enough to state, under pressure of argument, that if this isolationism will be a step toward keeping America out of war, I'll gladly drink Postum instead of coffee.

Neither imperialism nor isolationism is inherently virtuous or right. Imperialism may have been a necessity—may still be, for all I know or care—to England. It is not for us. Isolationism for a small country of inadequate resources would be impossible in a grasping and belligerent world. We are not a small country; and we are rich enough in resources for many times our population.

Admittedly, the system under which we have been operating requires foreign markets. Consequently an isolation policy would force us to abandon the old system and reorganize the country in such a way as to take the fullest advantage of our resources and bestow the greatest blessings upon the greatest number of people. Such a reorganization, far from being inconsistent with democracy, would be a step forward toward the realization of a truer democracy than we have ever known in America. With that sure faith in the inherent ability of the masses to work out their own destiny which is proper to an American, I would advocate, as preliminary to social reconstruction, the fullest extension of all democratic rights to all our citizens.

While common sense, supported by the best military and naval opinion, makes us dismiss the thought of gratuitous foreign invasion as a threat, we would do well to cultivate the friendship and the trade of whatever non-imperialistic nations there may be upon our globe. With the greatest of these—maintaining its isolation through resources comparable to ours—the USSR, I would advocate the prompt formation of a trade alliance. It is possible that Canada and Mexico, and one after another of the Central and South American republics would eventually be won to such confidence in our peaceful intentions as to want to join with us in a union for trade; and that this might lead in time to the formation of a United States of the Americas.

Meanwhile, and as a first step, let us have democracy in America; and peace, and jobs, and everlasting security.

No, no! Let ME save him!"

A. Jamison

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Canada: Rich Land, Poor Men

Capitalism has got the Canadian people into a jam, and the upper classes of it. What the future holds. Last of a series.

HE WAS a lad with a sunny smile, blond locks that fell over his forehead, blue jeans, and a cotton sack over his shoulder. I had spoken to all sorts of people in Canada—union organizers, youth leaders, housewives, engineers, a member of Parliament, an economist for the Royal Bank, figures in the Communist underground movement. On the road I had picked up seamen, a telephone linesman, a Royal Air Force man, and one whole afternoon I sat in the House of Commons as Colonel Ralston brought in the budget. But this young fellow, just past twenty, gave me an angle on Canada that I couldn't have got from anyone else. He had hitched out to a farmer's place where he had worked some months back. Went out to collect $3 the farmer owed of a $20 a month wage, and was returning with $1.75. He had been to the States twice looking for work, arrested both times, once in Frisco and again in Omaha. They had his fingerprints, he said, and kept him in jail for four months last winter on a vagrancy charge. He was one of ten children whom his mother had reared on her widow's pension of $50 per month. Three brothers were now in the army. He himself had been rejected because he was one inch too short. He was chagrined—after all, the army pays $1.30 a day. "But they'll take me after a while," he laughed, "Be glad to have me."

"Many people in the States," I said, "think the king will be coming over to Canada soon."

"What do we want him over here for?" he came back like a flash, "hasn't done so well over there, has he?"

How then did he feel about the Germans coming over to Canada? Lot of talk about that. "Well, I'll tell you," he said grinning from ear to ear. "I don't like the idea of the Nazis coming, but no matter what happens to me in this war, I can't be any worse off than I am."

That phrase—"can't be any worse off than I am"—has remained with me as the most embracing generalization about the Canadian people at war. In the great indictment and prosecution of world capitalism that is taking place in our generation, just such young people as this widow's seventh child will offer Canada as at least exhibit B or C—damning evidence that capitalism has become completely subversive of the life, and liberty, and pursuit of happiness of the average man.

A WEALTHY COUNTRY

For Canada is a great country, an uncommonly wealthy country. Larger than any other on the earth's surface with the exception of China and the USSR, Canada could, if she wished, submerge the entire British Isles in the Great Lakes. The St. Lawrence River drains an area of 500,000 square miles, about half the fresh water in the world, enough potential water and electric power for twenty times her present population. Canadian prairies grow the world's best No. 1 hard wheat. Canada has one of the earth's great coniferous forest areas from which is being produced as much newsprint as the rest of the world combined. Her geological foundation is the pre-Cambrian shield, the world's oldest rock, from which extrudes the most valuable nonferrous metals: nickel-copper deposits such as form the backbone of the International Nickel monopoly at Sudbury, Ontario; the zinc-copper seams in northern Manitoba; the excellent strains of mica, graphite, kaolin, talc, and apatite in northern Ontario and Quebec. At Great Bear Lake pitchblende deposits have halved the cost of radium within ten years. Her coasts abound in fish, her North yields those excellent furs that attracted the Hudson's Bay Company three centuries ago. Far above the 60 degree latitude flows one of the world's mightiest rivers, the Mackenzie, churning through the same kind of tundra which socialism made so productive in the Soviet Arctic.

And while it is true that Canada lacks the coal, iron, and petroleum without which heavy industrialization is extremely difficult, extensive seams occur in the East and Far West and oil fields are springing up in Turner Valley, Alberta. In any rational organization of the hemisphere such deficiencies would not be vital: the Great Lakes give cheap and ready access to the coal, iron, and oil deposits of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois.

And what has capitalism done with such a bounty? Of her eleven million people (as many as live in New York City and its environs) Canada has had for ten years nearly a million unemployed. Her per capita income in 1937—a "good" year that must be corrected for the higher brackets—was the munificent sum of $377, less by $150 than the per capita income of the United States. The statistics are even more shocking for the Canadian farmer, and farming is still a major occupation in Canada. Throughout Quebec one comes across the most abject misery—picturesque, but misery nonetheless. There is no more violent contrast than to come from the log and cement huts of the French Canadian countryside, with its evident absence of farm machinery, its stubbly landscape, to the warm, fertile, substantial Vermont communities. In the West farmers have been living on relief—in Saskatchewan for years. The world price of wheat fell to 53 cents a bushel in the pit of the depression, the lowest price in history. The Canadian government has now pegged the wheat price at 70 cents a bushel at the head of the Lakes—which means after transportation costs. At such prices mechanized agriculture is dispossessing thousands of steaders. Thus, while millions are living on substandard diets or else starving, Canada's blessed hard wheat is crammed in every elevator, every warehouse, every grain barge along the Lakes—quarter of a billion bushels more than can be sold.

THREEFOLD EXPLOITATION

The reasons for all this lie in Canada's social relations. Her people suffer a threefold exploitation: first as the stamping ground of the native capitalist class, second as Britain's foremost dominion, and third as the country in which American capital has made the deepest and most spectacular penetration. Although relatively undeveloped compared with the US, Canada's economic life is just as highly monopolized. Manufacturing plants with an output of $1,000,000 or more in the United States represented only 5.57 percent of the total but produced 69 percent of the national output in 1929. *In Canada plants with an output of $1,000,000 or more represented only 3.2 percent of the total but produced 62 percent of the output.* Three banks, the Royal Bank, the Bank of Montreal, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, own about 70 percent of all banking assets. Two-thirds of the gasoline and oil which Canadians consume is sold by the Imperial Oil Co., a Standard Oil subsidiary. Three-quarters of the tobacco smoked is made by the Imperial Tobacco Co.—and such statistics could be multiplied many times. The ownership and control of these monopolies lie in the hands of a relatively small number of people: Sir Herbert Holt's name (he is the chairman of the Royal Bank) occurs forty-two times in the list of directorates of Canada's major companies. Sixty-two percent of Canadian capital is owned at home, amounting to about $11,000,000,000. Four billion more is owned in the United States where "our own" monopolists have penetrated Canadian auto, rubber, oil, metal manufacturing, mining, newsprint, and other industries. About $2,750,000,000 is owned by British capitalists, largely in government securities and in the railroads.

The result is that the Canadian people are the source of wealth to a small number of natives, grown so powerful that they themselves have exported $1,750,000,000 into the United States and Latin America; simultaneously, Canadians are carrying a huge national debt—about $600 per capita, one-third higher than the American per capita debt—which represents a drain of interest payments to British investors; finally, millions of dollars a year flow across the border into the hands of American big business men as profits from branch plants and investments in Canadian industry—dollars which Canadians

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make possible but which they never enjoy.

Canada's population cannot possibly absorb *under capitalist conditions* the highly developed production of wheat, ores, newsprint, fish, and manufactured goods. Nevertheless, their welfare depends on their ability to find markets abroad. Fully one-quarter of Canada's national production depends on the world market—an index of her vulnerability to world vicissitudes when it is remembered that only 9 percent of American national production is exported. About three-quarters of this export goes to Britain and the United States. Canada's position, says the recently completed Rowell-Sirois report, a basic economic history of the dominion, "is similar to that of a small man sitting in a big poker game. He must play for the full stakes, with but a fraction of the capital resources of his two substantial opponents; if he wins, his profits in relation to his capital are very large; and if he loses, he may be cleaned out."

TRADE IN WARTIME

If this is true in time of peace, how much more difficult is the situation in time of war. For warfare not only disorganizes every stable trade relation among both belligerents and neutrals but the distinctive thing about war is that every belligerent or potential belligerent diverts its purchases and production to war purposes only. For Canada this is doubly catastrophic. She relies upon Britain and the United States far more than they rely upon her. As the mother country and the neighbor to the south involve themselves ever more deeply in war preparations, an ever greater share of the national income goes for guns, tanks, munitions, and airplanes. In the early months of the war the British millers saw an opportunity to break the Canadian wheat price. Their purchasing agent deliberately held off buying wheat in Canada while maintaining purchases from Argentina, Australia, and the Danubian countries. By the time the war really broke, Britain herself began to plow up soil for cereals; her purchases were deliberately diverted from commodities such as wheat, the staff of life, to airplanes and munitions, the instruments of death. The same story goes for tobacco, quantities of which are grown in Quebec. Mr. Chamberlain was carrying on an elaborate flirtation with Turkey last winter so British workers were told to put Turkish tobacco in their pipes and smoke it—but the smoke blew into Canada's eyes. After the fall of Denmark Canadian hog raisers thought their hour had struck. But the big meat-packing companies found it cheaper to import hogs from the United States—on top of which, bacon has been severely rationed in Britain. Apples tell a similar tale. When a British decree diverted exchange from the purchase of Canada's apple crop, farmers were encouraged to preserve their fruit; until one fine day England decided to stop importing canned fruits.

On the other hand, Britain has been spending considerable sums in Canada to develop munitions production, and existing metal-working machinery has been converted to the same purpose. This merely accentuates the agricultural crisis while enriching that small section of industry, much of it American owned, which is capable of manufacturing guns and tanks. While abstaining from Canadian imports, the mother country nevertheless expects Canada not only to finance her own participation but to yield substantial sums, as in the last war, for Britain too.

How shall this be done? The normal balance of trade with Britain favors Canada, but this balance has now been disturbed by Britain's own need to conserve foreign exchange. The Bank of England is therefore rounding up securities held by Englishmen in Canadian markets and selling them back to Canadians. About $100,000,000 worth have thus far been "repatriated." To get the funds for such purchases the Canadian capitalist class intensifies its own drive for profit, increases the budget at the expense of the general welfare, engages in an ever more desperate search for profitable trade balances outside the sterling area. The dilemma is underlined by the fact that the normal balance of trade with the United States favors the United States—that is to say, Canada takes more goods from us than she sells to us. Ordinarily, American tourist expenditures afford Canada several hundred millions in foreign exchange. This year, however, the tourist trade has slumped badly, and Washington's closer supervision of the border hasn't helped. There remain, therefore, only three ways to solve the desperate need for exchange: first, to export gold, which is being done so long as the American Treasury takes it; second, to sell the $750,000,000 worth of American securities held by Canadians, a form of "repatriation" which competes with British repatriation of securities; and third, to borrow in the American market. The last method will probably be resorted to last. But to the extent that it is used, it will further fasten the American grip on Canadian life.

MAKING THE PEOPLE PAY

It should be clear by now that capitalism has got Canada into a real jam. Like the upper classes everywhere, the Canadian ruling circles know only one way to get out of it—that is, by making the people pay. I must admit that I was never so impressed with the utter incapacity of capitalism to solve the problems of the nation as when I sat in the crowded galleries of the House of Commons, overlooking a choice collection of two hundred or so baldpates, and listened to Col. J. L. Ralston bring in the budget. One would think that with so fragile an economic position, so fatally reliant upon uncontrollable factors, the best thing for Canada would be to get out of the war. Actually, she is getting deeper into it, and only her upper two hundred families are getting anything out of it. Two weeks before the budget was brought in Mackenzie King succeeded in jamming through his Emergency Powers Act, a sweeping authorization of dictatorial powers to Ottawa. The newspapers made much of the fact that this act would mobilize "wealth as well as manpower." But on examination of the budget, it's quite clear that if wealth is conscripted it will only be as top sergeant.

It is proposed that $700,000,000 be raised for the next year's participation in the war. This—in a country where the total national income is a little over $3,500,000,000, where 17 cents of every revenue dollar already goes for war purposes, and 20 cents for the national debt. One Communist leader gave me a graphic understanding of what this $700,000,000 figure means. Two years ago the Communists were hooted out of Ottawa for making the bold proposal that $100,000,000 be raised for a national housing program. Where on earth would we get $100,000,000? the newspaper editors snarled.

THE NEW BUDGET

But Ralston proposes to get seven times as much within a year. How? First, by further borrowing. Second, by a national defense tax of 2 percent on all income. Third, by revising income tax schedules to bring about 160,000 people earning as little as $11.54 per week if they are single, and $23 per week for families, into the income-tax paying levels. Then there is a whole series of taxes on tobacco and auto supplies. To cap it all, at the same time that the government insists on greater exports, it slaps a 10 percent import duty on goods from all countries except Britain—all of which is naturally passed on to the consumer. The apologists point out that the excess profits tax has been boosted from 50 to 75 percent—but such profit taxes are based on average revenues of the past four years, which were good years.

Summing up the trend of affairs within Canada we can say:

1. Prices will rise, taxes will rise, real income will drop, and as a result workers will unquestionably challenge the bourgeoisie with large scale actions for unionization and better conditions, inevitably challenging the war itself.

2. Desperate search for agricultural markets will not satisfy the farmer, who will make persistent demands for farm relief and soon express wholesale disillusionment with the war and all its works.

3. Industrialization will continue in selected armaments lines at the expense of the rest of the economy, producing boom conditions for only a handful of people.

4. Continued budgetary unbalance with tendencies toward inflation, which will further reduce real income for the mass of people.

5. Decrease of security holdings by Britishers and similar decrease of American securities owned by Canadians with probable increase in the dependence of Canadian economy upon the United States. Further penetration by American capitalists into the most profitable fields of industrial activity.

6. More intense search for markets by the Canadian capitalist class, bringing it into full clash with the imperialist interests of Britain, Germany, and the United States—especially in Latin America and the Far East.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

Sherlock Holmes Was Never Like This

THE Life of Reilly, that fabled state of beatitude and cold beer, adds up to practically zero around the McKenney household this a.m. For I've just been studying the Life of Communist Girl Spies, beside which the miserable, brokendown existence poor Reilly managed to eke out stinks, to put it elegantly, on ice.

Communist Girl Spies, you will be extremely interested to know, look something like Hedy Lamar, only more so. They bounce furiously around the globe, wining and dining at the best restaurants, attracting gents by the hordes with the familiar won't-you-come-into-my-parlor spider technique. They are pretty ruthless, however. They ferret out rather low-grade secrets by plying the opposition with strong drink, and they emit low, nasty chuckles when somebody asks them about love. "Luff!" they snarl hideously. "It ees not for us!"

In the end they get liquidated by you-know-who, on account of being plenty dumb and not finding out anything of Grade A caliber. It brings a tear to your eye. So young, so beautiful, and so feebleminded, to be just wiped out that-away.

Of course the detective story I was studying last night was supposed to be about a French spy and his rather excessive efforts to track down Lord Haw-Haw, the German broadcaster, but neither the author nor the French spy could stay away from Rosie, the beautiful Stalinist dupe, and her extreme mental struggles. No wonder, either. The rest of the tale was so ferociously dull, not a murder to the very end and the whole scheme barging along on hinges creaking to high heaven, that the French spy is practically driven to take up with Rosie. He didn't have anything else to do for most of the book, and neither did the author. Sherlock Holmes was never like this.

I hope *The Death of Lord Haw-Haw* isn't a new trend in detective novels. It's very nice to know all about Rosie and how Stalin gets secrets out of people, but it's going to raise hell with my husband's vacation. Annually he retires from this vale of tears, this world inhabited by W. Lippmann, the *New Republic,* and other irritations, to browse around among some fourteen or eleven or sixteen detective stories. He usually emerges slightly palsied around the jaw, but refreshed and ready to take up the battle, as before. But now Random House (the gentlemen publishers) leap into the detective story competition with this racy little number all about *noblesse oblige* and saving democracy via a little hightoned spying and plenty of gabble about how lousy Communists are, and such.

For Rosie isn't the only comrade occupying large hunks of this prose poem, *The Death of Lord Haw-Haw.* Not at all. The author discusses international politics with all the good taste and expert knowledge of a William Green or W. Willkie. He likes to talk about Josef Stalin, but the name rather distresses him. He uses affectionate nicknames: "Uncle Joe Kremlin," or "Pal Joey," or other rather roundabout methods of referring to a man who has the respect and love of some 190,000,000 people, if not of the author of this most remarkable detective story. Unfortunately for Random House, this latest offering in the field of worthwhile books evidently went to print before Petain and the other strength-through-joy boys sold France down the river, for the noble French spy (an American, just in there helping out) is under the erroneous impression that General Gamelin will defend what was known in French government circles as democracy to the veritable death. Haw-Haw.

I don't mean to give the idea, however, that *The Death of Lord Haw-Haw* doesn't contain some suspense, so conventional in detective novels. True, there's never any mystery about whether the brave French-American secret agent number 112 C will find his enemy, but you don't know until the end of the book whether the hero will be able to knock some sense into Rosie, our beautiful Marxist, or vice versa. It seems that Rosie is such a dope, she waits around until word gets through to her (via secret express couriers, risking their life every inch of the way from Moscow to New York City) from Stalin about the Finnish question. Meantime, of course, lesser Communists in New York have read about Finland in the *Daily Worker,* but Rosie, being a beautiful girl spy, is above reading newspapers or books or making up her own mind. She hangs around until those secret couriers race up, breathless as all get out. But then, once the Sign has appeared in Rosie's world, she slavishly bows to the "Master's" will. Finland is a county of Mannerheims, she tells the hero, who groans to see beauty Used by the Beast. But until the very last, he hopes for the best. "Be a woman, Rose," he begs. "Give up this fanaticism!"

"Nope," she growls (I'm quoting by ear, but this is the general idea). "A thousand times nope. What is happiness? Nawthing! It ees first the Cawse! Luff! She is lous-see!"

This interesting conversation takes place at a cocktail party for Spain, attended by numerous voluptuous and staggeringly immoral lady Communists, who are all evidently working their way up to be regular, rather than amateur, spies. Obviously, I never got around to enough cocktail parties for Spain. The ones I attended were rather stodgier. A pity.

Well, as I suggested earlier in this piece, the hero just can't do a thing with Rosie. She resists him right up to the finale, when the Oriental Menace in the Kremlin cables her to come home. All was not forgiven, however, and Rosie went down for the count. It sort of made me mad. I'm going to write a detective story where the beautiful Communist Girl Spy is twice as smart as the noble French agent and gets him wiped out by the enemy, just for the heck of it. The thing doesn't ring true. A secret agent who made such an ass of himself on the political side couldn't be smart enough to track down a Boy Scout, let alone the mysterious Lord Haw-Haw.

Incidentally, the publishers, evidently afraid the plot in their latest detective story won't keep anybody, even dimwits at deduction like me, on tenterhooks, have worked up an interesting little mystery, as a sort of a byproduct. The author, they say coyly, isn't really "Brett Rutledge" but a man "by no means unknown to Americans." Seems that "Brett Rutledge" has "obvious personal reasons" for keeping his identity secret.

I can understand the author all right. God forbid anybody should step right up in public and say, "I wrote this bilge." But I think the publishers are pretty low dogs for planting publicity stories around town in gossip columns to the effect that Elliot Paul wrote *The Death of Lord Haw-Haw.* Of course I may be just an old brokendown innocent, but somehow I don't believe Mr. Paul sat down at his typewriter to pour out the silliest slanders against the Soviet Union and the American Communist Party since Martin Dies warmed up on the subject.

Anyhow, I prefer to regard Mr. Paul as innocent until somebody else but Leonard Lyons calls him guilty. For my part, I have a couple of better guesses. Either it's Winston Churchill or Bennett Cerf. Of course it may be argued that old W. Churchill has been too busy lately to dash off any detective stories, but this opus could have been written in about four nights, and besides, Winston is just the type to believe in Marxist Mata Haris. As for Mr. Cerf, this book practically reproduces his quaint notions of international politics, as rumor has it he expounds them around town—and after all, he owns part of Random House. The publishers must have had some good reason, not discernible to the naked eye, for printing *The Death of Lord Haw-Haw.*

But then again, maybe it was Dot Thompson. If Homer can nod, presumably the great Thompson can write detective stories.

Just the same: hey, Elliot, write us a letter, say it ain't so, baby, say it ain't so!

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Prelude to M-Day

The Burke-Wadsworth bill is part of Washington's larger program to regiment America. Field day for the FBI. Generals LaGuardia and Maverick blow the bugles.

Washington, D. C.

WITH the conventions over, our statesmen in the executive and legislative branches of government are getting back to the serious business of working out the details of "total defense." Both parties have paid their respects to the dove of peace in their platforms and can therefore now devote themselves to preparing for war. The indispensable and time-honored tradition of name-calling during political compaigns will not be permitted to interfere with this job.

It is certainly legitimate to wonder whether we are getting defense—but there is no doubt at all that it is total. To miss this is to miss the point of the President's entire program. Every phase of American life, with the exception of profits, which the brass hats consider the great untouchable, is to be subordinated to a military machine whose magnitude and power can thus far only be guessed at.

Under the guidance of William Knudsen and Edward Stettinius the armaments program is going full blast and the economic life of the country is being hitched to the destinies of war business. Now there is the little job of providing a plentiful supply of cannon fodder. Every individual is to be made a cog in the military machine, and the dissenters will be speedily taken care of. Some writers in the press used to call this regimentation when it took place in Italy and Germany.

"NON-PARTISAN" ISSUE

The Republican platform writers at Philadelphia applauded John L. Lewis when he bitterly attacked the President's plan to conscript youth. With that heroic demonstration a matter of record, the Republicans in Congress can now with clear conscience support the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill. The Democratic platform writers at Chicago felt with some justification that it would be bad politics to come out openly for conscription. This made it inevitable that the Democrats in Congress, spurred on by the President, would back the Burke bill. All this is what is commonly known as making national defense a "non-partisan issue." Perhaps the most inspiring phase of the whole spectacle is the support the President is giving a bill sponsored by a Republican congressman and a lame-duck Democratic senator who has just bolted to Willkie. Of such stuff are titanic election battles made these days.

Secy. of the Navy Frank Knox recently told the Senate Naval Affairs Committee that a well equipped mechanized army of 300,000 men, supplemented by planes and battleships, is all that is needed for the adequate defense of the United States. That statement seems to be true even if Colonel Knox made it. No military expert has yet divulged to what defensive use the minimum of three million conscripts to be trained under the Burke bill can be put. And War Department officials have quite frankly told the House and Senate Military Affairs Committees that they don't need the all-inclusive registration feature of the bill to get even the three million conscripts. There is no intention at present, for example, to give military training to the age group between forty-five and sixty-four which will nonetheless have to register.

But the Burke bill isn't just a conscription bill. It is a compulsory registration bill as well—just as surely as the Smith anti-alien act. This time citizens, and not just the despised aliens, will be registered. They will have to answer four pages of questions about jobs, background, religion, income, education, color, race—questions beyond anything asked by the census. The FBI will no doubt find all this very helpful. The penalty for inaccurate information will be $10,000 or five years in jail or both.

And it is a "home defense" bill too. This is the job which will be assigned to the men between eighteen and twenty-one, forty-five and sixty-four. The measure provides that detailed home defense legislation is to be written later. So we can only guess now at what kind of "home defense" we will get. But the National Industrial Defense Corps bill introduced by Senator Sheppard, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, gives some important hints. The Sheppard bill makes it possible for any employer to organize an armed defense corps to protect his plant "against subversive, treacherous, or unlawful activities." The employer must okay all applicants for this job, and he will surely not object to the requirement that he foot some of the expense for the government-sponsored strikebreaking service. The bill states that members of the corps "shall not be ordered or used as strikebreakers." But the provision stating that they may be used "to prevent or suppress unlawful acts in any dispute between employer and employee" should take care of that.

The Burke bill is itself only part of a larger program for the regimentation of the American people, for systematic destruction of civil liberties. Administration officials, for example, have not yet given up hope of getting some kind of compulsory or semi-compulsory industrial training setup along the lines of the youth camps first proposed by the President. They will attempt to have this idea integrated into the conscription plan. Then there is that brain child born of the spiritual marriage of Martin Dies and American Civil Liberties Union counsel Morris Ernst, providing that all organizations under "foreign control" must file a complete membership list with the Department of Justice. This bill would in effect accomplish the purpose of the Reynolds amendment to the La Follette bill requiring employers to fire Communists from industry. Most employers won't have to be coerced. Naturally, trade unions with Latin American or Canadian affiliations can be dealt with in the same fashion. Pending before the House is the Celler bill which makes it legal for the FBI to use wiretapping instruments for purposes of "national defense."

Geoffrey David

EX-LIBERALS

Among the more energetic supporters of the Burke conscription bill are those distinguished ex-liberals, Mayors Fiorello LaGuardia of New York and Maury Maverick of San Antonio. Maury pleaded with the resolutions committee at Chicago to put a military service plank into the Democratic platform, and Fiorello thinks that there is too much of a tendency to mollycoddle prospective conscripts. He's against the proposal to raise wages of those drafted from $5 to $21, wants to eliminate exemptions for conscientious objectors and physically disabled persons. He also proposed to cut out the nonsense of threatening to penalize employers who won't give conscripts their jobs back.

Despite all this, supporters of the Burke bill know they are sitting on a volcano. Their only chance of getting off safely is to pass the bill in a hurry. The mail coming in to Congress is beginning to show a strong undercurrent of sentiment against conscription. Trade unions and other organizations are passing resolutions. Slowly a realization of what is happening in Washington is beginning to seep through the country. That is why a powerful steamroller is poised for action to force the bill through within the next two weeks. Those of us who still take democracy seriously are working against time. The stakes are more than the passage of a single piece of legislation. The issue now is whether we are going to have fascism in America before anyone realizes what has happened.

ADAM LAPIN.

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Profits and Sacrifice

THE profits that bloom in what is as yet the very early spring of America's war economy are already giving a special color to the "sacrifice and work" injunction in President Roosevelt's recent message on "total defense." The August issue of the Labor Research Association's *Economic Notes* finds that the first one hundred corporations to report showed a 60.5 percent increase in net profits during the first half of 1940 over the corresponding period last year. Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey has announced that net profits for the first half of this year will almost equal the figure for the full year of 1939 when the company raked in $89,000,000. Chrysler's half-year profits of $30,494,274 set an all-time high. Remington Arms lifted its profits for the same period 746 percent, Republic Steel 495 percent, Pennsylvania Railroad (for the first five months) 303 percent, Container Corp. of America 3,428 percent.

Dividends are keeping in step. For the first six months of the year dividends paid to companies listed by the New York *Times* totaled $1,781,986,809, compared to $1,562,157,898 for the same period of 1939.

To help tide big business over these halcyon days the Roosevelt administration has agreed to suspend the anti-trust laws and is planning to cajole Congress into passing an excess profits tax which will actually reduce taxes for the corporations. This levy is being combined with two other proposals: elimination of the present 7 and 8 percent restriction on profits on army and navy aircraft and ships, and permission to charge off at an increased rate the cost of expanding plant or equipment facilities.

If we turn from this verdant landscape to the situation of the common people, we begin to understand the real meaning of the "sacrifice and work" dictum. Millions of the poor recently had their taxes increased by Congress. The regimentation of 42,000,000 Americans is being planned in the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill. The National Industrial Conference Board, big business research agency, has come forward with the demand for a fifty-hour week in industries working on government contracts in place of the forty-hour week provided for in the Walsh-Healey act. President Roosevelt recently stated his resolution to stick to the forty-hour week—a resolution which may last until November 5. The July 19 issue of *United States News* noted as an indication of "the government's disposition to cooperate with business" various "administrative rulings easing rigidities of the wage-hour law."

Donkey into Elephant

T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE ("T" for Thomas) is a name that catches the imagination. It should be symbolic of something; and it is. Mr. Coolidge, a descendant of *the* Thomas and a former undersecretary of the treasury under FDR, has left his party to support Willkie. His name symbolizes the present state of "national unity" in the two largest political parties. A few months ago—remember?—there was earnest talk of the Republicans and Democrats setting an example to all political groups and classes by burying their differences for the sake of unity and national defense. Roosevelt took GOP Stimson and Knox into his Cabinet. Well look what's happening now. Democrats like former Senator Reed of Missouri, John W. Hanes and Lewis Douglas (both of whom have worked in the Roosevelt administration) won't even unite with their fellow Democrats to support Roosevelt. Democratic Willkie-for-President clubs have been formed. Some Southern bourbons are seceding from the Confederacy. Among the most vociferous of the "Willkiecrats" is Senator Burke of Nebraska, author of the conscription bill. Mr. Burke, it will be recalled, was thrown from the donkey by organized labor in the Democratic primary last spring.

The President's comment on this rebellion is that these men haven't been real Democrats for a long time anyway and they are more concerned with dollars than humanity. True: but the statement would have sounded better from Mr. Roosevelt before last September. As it is, in order to utter it he had to interrupt his attention to some plans for humanity that feature uniforms designed by Burke and a war economy which should delight Hanes. The Willkiecrats are the diehard Garnercrats; they prefer their Wall Street naked, without even the now fictional garment of New Dealism. Their defection, however, still leaves Roosevelt with Stettinius, Knudsen, Knox, and a host of similar playmates. In such a situation, you can't take your choice: there isn't any.

Labor at the Polls

WHAT organized labor did to Senator Burke it can do to other reactionary congressmen. John L. Lewis, as head of Labor's Non-Partisan League, has just emphasized this important truth. In a letter to the LNPL's state and local officers Lewis stressed that the most important job facing the organization was the reelection of representatives and senators "who will cast their votes and exercise their office in behalf of the people of America." Said the CIO president:

> Regardless of who may be the next President of the United States, we are confronted with this fact: If the men and women who are elected to the halls of Congress cannot be depended upon to support the welfare of the people through legislation, no man in however high an office can or will give labor what it needs.

Certainly this is not a new idea with the LNPL. However, as Lewis pointed out, "labor faces greater problems in the political field than it has ever faced before in its history":

> Brutal warfare abroad and vicious hysteria at home are beclouding the issues that confront the labor people of America. Under the guise of spurious ideals, the great gains made by labor are today threatened as never before.

But organized labor does not ask only for the defeat of reaction. It is working for a positive program, for the election of congressmen who will *further* the social gains now threatened. And, as Lewis states, the LNPL has "allies among other groups of our population" behind this program. Both the American Youth Congress and the National Negro Congress have concluded working arrangements with Labor's Non-Partisan League. Outside of these organizations are thousands of voters who will heed Lewis' advice to check all candidates in terms of "their practical realism in meeting the needs of the people." Those are the only terms that count.

New CIO Council

PROGRESSIVE unionism was strengthened in New York last week when 350,000 workers, organized in 118 CIO locals and seven Joint Boards, formed the Greater New York Industrial Union Council. They adopted a constitution, then applied themselves to their main tasks. They are planning to defend collective bargaining, to extend labor legislation and to enforce it where it is being violated, to build new and greater industrial unions, and to educate the public in the importance of a strong, democratic, and militant trade union movement.

Following John L. Lewis' lead, the council urged that President Roosevelt issue an executive order barring government contracts to firms which violate the Wagner act. Next, it turned to a defense of one of its own member organizations—the International Fur and Leather Workers Union, leaders of which have been prosecuted and convicted on charges of violating the Sherman anti-trust law. Specifically the council condemned the unprecedented trial of Irving Potash and other fur union officials who are now in jail following conviction in a federal court where stool-pigeons, ex-convicts, and anti-union employers testified that the unionists had conspired to obstruct justice. Potash, foe of racketeers, once testified against Lepke and Gurrah, notorious gangsters; his union is a model labor organization.

Sidney Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America did not join the council. That was foreshadowed by Hillman's present pro-war position and his membership on Roosevelt's Council of National Defense. From another quarter came a typical Red-baiting at-

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tack. The social-democratic *New Leader* and the pro-Willkie New York *World-Telegram* joined in reproducing a "dues receipt" which purported to show that Joseph Curran, council president and head of the National Maritime Union, was a Communist Party member in October 1936. The receipt was denounced by Curran as a forgery. In proof he pointed to an item in the fake receipt which indicated payment of money on Oct. 1, 1936, to an "NMU fund." The NMU was not organized until 1937. Furthermore, said the labor leader, he was not in New York on that date. Curran, who is also under attack by the union-busting Hearst press and its gossip monger, Walter Winchell, last week joined John L. Lewis and other CIO union officials in calling for the election of a progressive Congress in November.

No Embargo

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S order placing petroleum, petroleum products, and scrap metal on the list of materials for which a license is required before they can be exported has been wrongly interpreted as an embargo against Japan and Spain. The ban on these materials is entirely discretionary. This order is actually a diplomatic and economic thrust in the imperialist struggle for power in the Far East and in Europe. As the New York *Times* put it: "From the economic standpoint the move places the United States in a strong *bargaining* position with Japan regarding products vital to both countries." The *Times* goes on to point out that should Japan make a grab for the Netherlands East Indies, this country's principal source of rubber and tin, the United States "is in a position to bargain oil and scrap against rubber and tin should the administration be so disposed."

Thus this move was actuated not by a desire to halt Japanese aggression, but to haggle with Japan over exploitation rights in Asia. It is evident that whatever the immediate effect of the President's move, the policy it expresses is concerned solely with the interests of big business and not with those of the Chinese or the American people. Moreover, the licensing order comes after the United States has helped Japan stock up huge quantities of oil and scrap iron. Department of Commerce figures show that there has been a sharp decline in the export to Japan of both these commodities during the first five months of this year.

In the case of Spain the holding up of oil shipments fits in with Britain's simultaneous extension of the blockade to Spain and Portugal.

The majority of the American people long ago indicated their desire for a real embargo on all trade with Japan—even if it cuts into profits of American industrialists. In addition, two positive and related measures are essential for the welfare of our own country: large scale economic and political assistance for China; an immediate approach from Washington to Moscow for collaboration in the Pacific.

Mr. Welles ad Nauseam

THE bourbons who learned nothing and forgot nothing had nothing on the Roosevelt administration. In the face of the Nazi advance in Europe and mounting Japanese arrogance in the Far East, it persists in antagonizing the only country that can offer effective friendship and collaboration. The statement of Acting Secy. of State Sumner Welles denouncing the action of Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia in uniting with the Soviet Union is as stupid as it is reactionary. And practically every sentence contains a falsehood.

It is an affront to the intelligence of the American public to speak of the "democratic form of government" of the Baltic states where semi-fascist, anti-Semitic regimes were formerly in power. And for Sumner Welles, this past master at intervention in Cuba and points south, to profess opposition "to any form of intervention on the part of one state, however powerful, in the domestic concerns of any other sovereign state, however weak" is enough to turn a castiron stomach. Mr. Welles and his colleagues in the State Department raised no objections when these Baltic governments were under Nazi domination. It is only when the peoples of these countries, through their democratic action and with Soviet assistance, clean out the Augean stables of foreign and native capitalism and become their own masters that the Roosevelt administration howls "intervention." We are indebted to the *Daily Worker* for uncovering in official State Department documents the fine role played by Welles' predecessors in respect to these countries. Whereas the Soviet government recognized the independence of Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia early in 1918, the United States refused to do so for four and a half years. During this time our government plotted with the British to incorporate these countries in a reconstituted Russian empire, incidentally intervening with guns and soldiers in the domestic affairs of the sovereign state of Soviet Russia.

The Washington "Merry-Go-Round" column reports that the Welles blast "was drafted largely in Hyde Park and Ambassador William Bullitt had a lot to do with it." Bullitt recently returned to this country denying that the Petain regime was fascist and urging that the United States accord it recognition. The statement on the Soviet Union was just the other side of the coin.

Thieves Fall Out

THERE are so many honest tears in France today—tears of the homeless, the weary, the mothers bereft of sons, the children robbed of their fathers—that hardly a tear will be shed for Messrs. Daladier, Mandel, Delbos, and the others whom the Petain government is now holding for trial. There is so much thunder in Europe, and more to come, that the ironic laughter of the gods can scarcely be heard. The thieves have fallen out. In the best traditions of political gangsterism, one mob is putting the other to the wall, even though M. Laval owes so much to the Daladier crowd who paved the way to his power. The men who now stand trial do not command our sympathy; the men who place the ill fitting judicial robes on their shoulders do not arouse applause. The people of France, we are certain, are drawing up a much more sweeping indictment. Before long there shall be a terrible trial for all those, Petain and Weygand included, who brought France low. The verdict will be conclusive, and final.

Roundup

JOHN L. SPIVAK, remembered for his "Silver Charlie" Coughlin expose in NEW MASSES last fall, won a step in his fight against pro-fascist libel suits when Pittsburgh superior court denied claim to have him extradited to Kansas. . . . The Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, under Prof. Franz Boas' signature, proposed amending the bill for the evacuation of British child refugees to include anti-fascist intellectuals now trapped in France. . . . Contradicting Secretary Morgenthau's pledge of three thousand planes for Britain, William Knudsen, National Defense Council executive, said present American production is between nine hundred and a thousand planes per month of which a quarter is going to England. That country cannot have three thousand per month until middle of 1942. . . . The Communist National Campaign Committee announced $50,000 drive for twelve nationwide broadcasts by Earl Browder and James W. Ford, Communist standard bearers. . . . The Emergency Peace Mobilization campaign got under way. A national rally in Chicago will be held over Labor Day weekend. The New York rally takes place at Randall's Island stadium August 4. . . . The USSR signed significant commercial agreements with Afghanistan and China. American trade agreement with USSR expires on August 6. . . . The Soviet Union sent a sharp note to Rumania demanding that all Bessarabians who so desire be allowed to return to their homeland, while Admiral Kuznetzov, Soviet naval chief, announced that the USSR's navy will outdistance all others by 1942. . . . The National Resources Board says American population will level off at 158,000,000 by 1980 with doubling of forty-five to sixty-four year age group. More nightmares for those who could never find jobs after forty despite Mr. Pitkin. . . . Nazis arrested prominent Hollanders as hostages for German internees in Netherlands colonies. . . . Record two weeks' heat good for corn crop, bad for NEW MASSES editors. . . . James A. Farrell, chairman of National Foreign Trade Council and former head of the US Steel Corp., urged USA prepare to do business with Nazi-dominated Europe by creating similar economic bloc to include not only Latin American nations, but countries of British empire. He also expressed gratification over friendly relations between Foreign Trade Council and Japan Economic Federation and held up Wall Street interpretation of Monroe Doctrine as model for Orient.

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Conquest of Illusion

Upton Sinclair's new novel about the last war is a valuable assay of the real reasons for which men are asked to fight. A review by Samuel Sillen.

WORLD'S END, *by Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.*

IT IS a safe bet that Upton Sinclair's new novel will not enjoy the moral approval of Archibald MacLeish. For like all the honest books about World War I which the librarian of Congress recently chastised, *World's End* leaves us "spiritually unprepared" for participation in the present war. The book strengthens our resistance to the military mood which is now being imposed upon the country. It marks a new phase in the growth of American anti-war fiction. Other novels, written primarily from the point of view of the man at the front, have made us conscious of the brutality and suffering which accompany modern warfare. Few people need now be convinced that war is physically horrible; even the gentlemen soldiers at Plattsburg would bleed from a bullet in the head. More serious today is the need for stories which explain, in imaginative terms, the terrible gulf between the "good" reasons and the *real* reasons for which we are asked to fight. The discrepancy, or similarity, between ideal and actual issues is most plainly revealed in the peace terms with which wars are concluded, and Upton Sinclair's main contribution to the new type of war literature consists in his emphasis in the last—and best—third of the book on the maneuvers for position at the Hotel Crillon following the Armistice. The cynicism, greed, and hypocrisy of the negotiators at Versailles form a savage counterpoint to the lofty slogan of "open covenants openly arrived at." The Peace Conference was more hideous than the Marne or Verdun, just as Petain's Peace of France is more cruel than the Battle of France. If war is the continuation of politics by other means, then imperialist peace would appear to be the continuation of war by other means. In tracing this vicious circle, Sinclair has implicitly warned his readers that there is no such thing as a good war for an imperialistic end.

The warning is no doubt heartfelt, since Upton Sinclair was once himself the victim of a tragic illusion. In some notes which he has written concerning *World's End,* Sinclair remarks that for years he has been avoiding, as a novelist, the crucial issues of international affairs. He told himself, "I am an American, and America is enough for me." He wrote forthright novels dealing with specific domestic issues: *Oil!, Boston, Co-op, Little Steel.*

> But all the time [he adds] I was watching world events and hearing stories, and I suppose that whoever or whatever it is that works in the subconscious mind of a novelist was having his or her or its way with me; the big theme was stalking me and was bound to catch up. I saw the rise of Mussolini, and of Hitler, and of Franco; the dreadful agony of Spain wrung my heart; then I saw Munich, and said to myself: "This is the end; the end of our world."

But the subconscious mind to which Sinclair refers must have included the bitter personal memory of the last war. That story had to be told, in some form, even though many years would have to pass before the experience could be mastered.

Upton Sinclair resigned from the Socialist Party following the passage of the famous St. Louis resolution denouncing American entrance into the war. He argued that the defeat of the kaiser was necessary for the emancipation of the working class. His Social Democratic colleagues in Germany supported the kaiser on the ground that the defeat of the czar was a necessary first step for social democracy. Neither Sinclair nor the German Social Democrats—those, at least, who were sincere—understood that the all-important question was: *Who* must defeat the kaiser and the czar. So Upton Sinclair placed himself in the position of supporting Morgan against Krupp, British oppression against German oppression. He supported Wilson in a publication called *Upton Sinclair's.* He broke with Socialists like Debs and Ruthenberg who refused to be stampeded into a war for markets. The results of the war were shattering, particularly the discovery that democrats like Wilson, Churchill, and Clemenceau were more concerned with the forceful suppression of the social revolution in Russia and Central Europe than they had been with crushing militarism in Germany.

LEGACY

The experience has its obvious parallel today, and I like to think that *World's End,* the story of a quite different war from that which Sinclair talked about in 1917, is his legacy to the writers of my generation. It is as if he were to say: Here is the kind of book you must write today; you must not wait twenty-five years.

This is, on one level, the story of a young man's education. Lanny Budd is thirteen when the story opens in the year before the outbreak of war in Europe. He is nineteen at the conclusion of the Peace Conference. In these years are crowded an incredible number of exciting firsthand experiences. Too incredible for the good of realistic effect. For Lanny, as the reader soon recognizes, tends to become a device by which the author can gain entrance to aristocratic salons, high diplomatic circles, artistic and intellectual groups, the world of political journalism, and the private conferences of financiers. The son of Robbie Budd, American munitions maker, Lanny meets Zaharoff socially, attends the Delcroze school at Hellerau where he sees Shaw and Stanislavsky, encounters such diverse personalities as Colonel House and Lincoln Steffens, Anatole France and Isadora Duncan, serves on the staff of the American delegation at Versailles. His two best friends are an English aviator and a German soldier. His uncle, Jesse Blackless, is a revolutionary in close contact with European Communist circles. His mother, Beauty, introduces him to Parisian social life. And all these people, strangely enough, have a far more real existence than the central character around whom they revolve.

A CONVINCING WORLD

While this is a failing of the book which again reveals Sinclair's difficulty in creating memorable single characters, it is not a serious failing. For, once we have accepted the convenient fiction of Lanny's ubiquitous existence, we are brought into a world that is entirely convincing. It is a world which reminds us of a Feuchtwanger novel—*Paris Gazette,* for example—because of its complexity of intrigue and variety of personality, its mixture of satire and compassion. The thumbnail sketches of the historical characters are excellently done: Clemenceau falling asleep at the conference table, waking abruptly whenever someone made a demand contrary to his interests, repeating, amidst his voluble profanity, his invariable formula: "This—or France has lost the war"; Lloyd George of the famed mercurial temperament, "meaning that he didn't mind saying the opposite of what he had said yesterday, if in the meantime he had found that he was in danger of losing votes"; Wilson, with "the long Presbyterian jaw," worrying about Europe's falling prey to Bolshevism, seriously enacting the farce of Prinkipo, caught between the Tiger at Versailles and the Republican majority at Washington; Lincoln Steffens, who had seen the future work in the Soviet Union and wasn't letting go of it come hell or high water; George D. Herron, who found that Christian socialism was not a powerful weapon in dealing with the agents of Schneider-Creusot or Vickers; and many other interesting personalities of the period.

We learn more from a reactionary character like Lanny's father than we do from a rather farfetched radical character like Jesse Blackless. Robbie Budd is the sales representative of Budd's. (In America, Lanny explains to

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his friends, "people say Colt, and Remington, and Winchester—and Budd.") He has two main worries over his son: one is that he shall not be affected by radical ideas; and the other is that he shall not be deceived by the slogans under which the war is fought. To prevent the latter, he is compelled, ironically, to use arguments which lead Lanny toward the former calamity. His excellent arguments against Lanny's becoming involved in the war turn out to be equally excellent arguments for listening to Jesse Blackless and Lincoln Steffens. When Lanny expresses concern over his English friend Rick's going off to fight the German Fokkers, Robbie tells him to curb his sympathies since the Fokkers are light and fast only because of materials supplied by the Allied countries. "But it's treason," Lanny cries. "It's business," his father answers. It doesn't make any difference to the directors of the international trusts if the Germans take France: "They're building big industry, and they'll soon own it and run it. Whatever government comes in will have to have money, and will make terms with them, and business will go on as it's always done. It's a steam roller; and what I'm telling my son is, be on it and not under it." And, in the same vein, Zaharoff asks Robbie Budd if the "war for democracy" that Wilson was talking about was supposed to be a moral slogan. Budd replies that the slogan is good politics at the moment. "It is playing with fire," he admits. "We have seen in Russia what it may lead to, and not even Wilson wishes the war to end that way." "God forbid," exclaims the munitions king; and, Upton Sinclair assures us, "No one could doubt the sincerity of that."

WAR OF GRAB

Only the outright reactionaries like Zaharoff and Robbie Budd and the outright radicals like Lincoln Steffens and Jesse Blackless perceive clearly that this is a war of grab and not of ideals. Rick is crippled fighting for an illusion; young Kurt Meissner, Lanny's other friend, loses his wife and child because of the food blockade; Marcel Detaze, the brilliant painter, dies for *la patrie*. All these young, talented, self-sacrificing lives—and then the horse-trading over Mesopotamia and Fiume and the Dardanelles. The contrasts are overwhelming and saddening. But the end of a world is also the beginning of a world. As the shadows lengthen over the peace conference table, it is already beginning to dawn over one-sixth of the world. The armies of intervention in Siberia and the Baltics are laying down their arms. The citizens of Paris are marching on May Day. The struggle is not over, despite Lanny Budd's decision to leave for the Cote d'Azur "and lie on the sand and get sunburned and watch the world come to an end." And despite, one must add, Upton Sinclair's recently expressed quaverings of the spirit with regard to the Soviet Union. *World's End* is a great lesson in the conquest of illusion. None of us, I trust, needs either to suffer or conquer the same illusion twice.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Soviet Graphic Art

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HISTORICALLY graphic art has always been an organic arm of bookmaking. In the exhibition of Soviet graphic art (on view at the ACA Gallery, 52 West 8th St., New York City, till September 1) contemporary graphic art has reestablished its connection with its own tradition, and greatly to the benefit of the resultant art.

Illustrations for the classics of world literature, pictures for children's books, book jackets (done in black and white and in colors by means of wood engraving and lithography) are the forms in which graphic art has flourished in the Soviet Union. These pictures go out into the world by the hundreds of thousands. Editions range from ten thousand to half a million, and the small children's booklets, selling for a quarter of a cent, run up to the million mark.

Practical encouragement on a mass scale for graphic art has produced work of varied character and wide appeal, both human and esthetic. For the most part wood engraving is favored for the illustration of the classics. In the exhibition are illustrations for the work of many writers, including that of Pushkin, Sholom Aleichem, Godwin, Romain Rolland, Shakespeare, Stefan Zweig, Gogol, Kipling, Lope de Vega, Heine, Fielding.

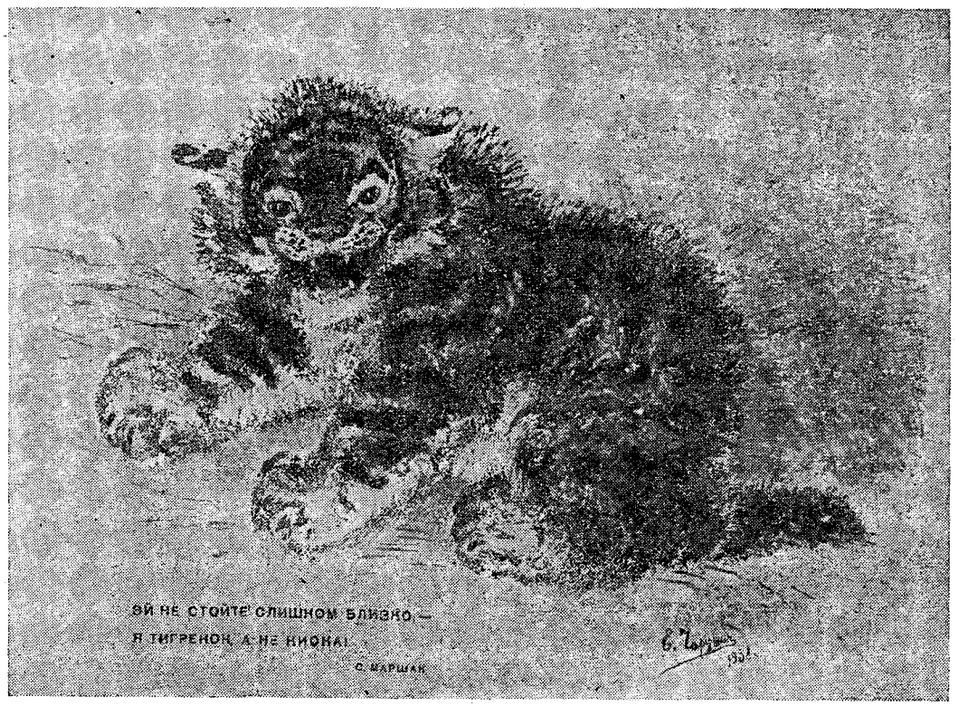
The general character of this work is to combine a modern realistic style with tremendously delicate and subtle craftsmanship. Wood engraving in its revival in the United States has been used by masters like Cheffetz and Nason to produce fragile symphonies of abandoned farmhouses and deserted landscapes. In the wood engravings of the Soviet artists the deft control of cutting tools is as great or greater. But the content and emphasis lead the mind to other thoughts than technique alone—to the human activity and meaning which is created. The esthetic appeal comes from the complete unity of form and subject.

A further point has to do with the ideological orientation of graphic artists in the Soviet Union. Many artists under bourgeois culture have been forced into an idealistic "all-or-nothing" position; they have taken an isolationist stand that pictorial art has nothing to do with any of the other arts. In the Soviet graphic art, the artist has been willing to work in collaboration with the writer, to design his illustration as an organic part of a printed page. The art has not lost thereby; rather it has gained in strength and clarity.

The same readiness of the artist to go more than halfway to reach his audience is evident in the illustrations for children's books and in the book jackets. (The latter are a loan from J. B. Neumann.) The chief characteristic of these designs is their wholeness. Text and pictures are well integrated from a visual point of view, with the text sometimes hand lettered by the artist. The use of color is particularly effective.

Outstanding is the work of E. I. Charushin. The children's books illustrated by this artist specialize in animal themes. The series of large color lithographs of tiger cub, bear cub, hare and leverets, crow, and wolf is extraordinarily beautiful, from both the esthetic and the human points of view. The character of Charushin's drawing is broad and free within the convention of realism. There is a fine linear quality to his work which is akin to oriental calligraphy. More than this, the spirit of these drawings is warm and tender. There is no irreconcilable antagonism between the world of the wild furry and feathered things and the world of men and women and children. Generally this tenderness permeates the children's books, and often with great humor added, as in Charushin's illustrations for Nina Smirnova's *How Mishka the Teddy Grew up to Be a Big Bear.*

The high level of technical excellence of the work is impressive. Methods of color reproduction in quantity have been developed which permit fine, yet cheap, production of graphic art in books. It is inspiriting to find contemporary graphic art with strong roots in the life of our time. JANE ATKINSON.



TIGER CUB *by E. I. Charushin. This large color lithograph is one of a series by the same artist, now on view in the exhibition of Soviet Graphic Art at the ACA Gallery in New York. The Russian inscription says: "Don't get too near me—I am a baby tiger, not a kitten."*

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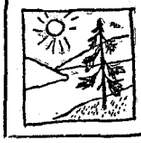

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As you watch the reel unroll, you enter sympathetically into the lives of the Fabrini brothers (George Raft and Humphrey Bogart), and you say to yourself, "This is something; this is too good to be true." You're right. Joe and Paul Fabrini are trying to beat the racket; but Paul wants to get out of it, back to his wife, and Joe would like a wife himself. Enter the Oomph Girl, Ann Sheridan (and the secret is out that Miss Sheridan is an atrocious actress), who all this time has been waiting behind the scenes in a roadside hash joint.

From this point on the Brothers Warner decide to do a remake of a picture they figure you've all forgotten. That picture was *Bordertown,* with Bette Davis and Paul Muni, a couple of actors. The identical situation that motivated *Bordertown* enters *They Drive by Night* in the form of Miss Ida Lupino, a pert little minx who supplies the only histrionics the picture boasts. Only Bette did it better.

We are now off on a sex-and-murder mystery, with all the stops pulled out. Hollywood has relaxed the Hays code for this one, and there's much juicy language, bedroom doubletalk. It's to take your mind off the war.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Vacation Theater

Camp Beacon offers excellent revues on the left.

"LIFE" Magazine had something in a recent issue about a strip teaser, in her peculiar reticences, being the proletarian Garbo and helping to stabilize the nation in these unsettled days. *Life* further showed its high regard for such stabilization by running other similar features in the same issue, not to mention the paying contributors in the advertising columns, with strip and tease as the jobs of pictures and caption. Again recently, being taken off guard by critical assurances in respectable sources that a certain movie indicated that civilization was infiltrating Hollywood, I went and saw that by civilization our critics mean sophisticated salaciousness. Depressed by this and with remarks ringing in my ears about left art being dead (made by a liberal intellectual, one of the don't-shoot-I-surrender fighters against reaction), I got a pleasant and tonic surprise a few Saturday nights ago by taking in the theatricals at Camp Beacon in upstate New York. Here was that unkillable entity, art, so missing these days in respectable quarters, hanging around as usual in left circles.

It was a revue. Most of the songs and skits were satirical—a new telescopic opera version of that old classic, "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," done mainly in pantomime and a recitative by a confidential chorus of one. Its new title was "It's Better with a Union Man"; a parody version, briskly acted and sung, of "Mama, She—" describing the excitements of being a member of the family of a leaflet-distributing mother; a hilarious investigation by and of the Marx brothers, by and of Mr. Martin Dies; and in a quieter key, a warning, in vivacious rhymes, of the persistent "Red under the Bed." An anti-war poem, recently given at a League of American Writers meeting, was done with still more grim effectiveness here.

There were other pieces, equally well conceived and performed. Most of the material, as I have said, was satiric. Satire as we usually get it, in streaks through a movie comedy, in some radio patter, and through the shut-lip smile of the *New Yorker,* is often pretty thin. Its idea is to reduce contact with life to the fingertip touch, as in the *New Yorker,* or to reel away from life in screwball gyrations. The full, living satire here got its quality through active contact with life. The amazing freshness and verve of the actors and the singular rightness of their performance came from their being workers, or, through their training in left wing theaters, from their direct ways of thinking about life.

The actors included several from the *Pins and Needles* cast and from left wing experimental theaters and dance ensembles. Nettie Harary, who sang some of the best *Pins and Needles* songs, sang here, it seemed to me, as if she had more room (in other terms than space) for her talent. A garment worker herself, she could bring to her performance of the choral commentator, in "It's Better with a Union Man," a special, personal flavor that made the singing glisten with life.

All the performers had warm praise for their director, young Carl Abrams, who writes some of the scripts and does turns on the stage as well. Under his direction, the players say, their group has come pretty close to their ideal of what a creative theater collective should be. They build their own sets, design and make their own costumes, contributing to that whole quality which shines through their gay performance.

I am told that there are certain similar groups at the other camps. That to me is very good news. It is another evidence of the abundant creative sources in the labor movement. It means that some of the arts of the theater are up and robust.

In the years between the bandwagon and the locomotive liberal intellectuals were solemnly declaring the class struggle was the most fruitful theme, the working class the most vital audience for art. Mr. MacLeish, then, contrasted the insensate response of the silk hat audience with the sensitive response of a working class audience, to his poetic drama.

Many of these gents then thought that proletarian culture began with them. Now some of them think that proletarian culture has ended with them, as they voluntarily expire as revolutionaries. They have reacted with petulant incredulity to phenomena like the work of Steinbeck, Dick Wright, Albert Maltz. They have something more to see if they dare to pay a visit to Camp Beacon.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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Ballet

Old and new works performed by the Ballet Theater dancers.

APPROXIMATELY fifteen thousand people saw America's outstanding ballet organization, Ballet Theater, in its second presentation of the season at the Stadium (July 15 and 16). Two classic favorites and two works comparatively new to American audiences comprised the program.

Jardin aux Lilas, by far the high point of the evening, was first produced in London in 1936 and made its American premiere at the Center Theater this past year. Set to Chausson's *Poeme* for violin and orchestra, the choreography is the brilliant work of Antony Tudor, young Englishman, who dances the role of lover to Caroline, the bride-to-be, about to enter a loveless marriage with another.

The plot, true enough, yields neither originality nor depth, but the choreography has both, and adds a sensitiveness and an emotional quality extremely rare in ballet. The delicate balance between movement and music was exquisitely maintained by Tudor, and John Corigliano's playing of the violin solo shared equal honors with the dancers—Annabelle Lyon as Caroline, Hugh Laing, the man she must marry, and Karen Conrad, his mistress.

If we are to question the future of ballet, the answer undoubtedly lies in the hands of a couple of young choreographers like Tudor or his compatriot, Frederick Ashton (whose *Devil's Holiday* in the de Basil repertoire last year was undeservedly ignored by critics), or our own American Eugene "Billy the Kid" Loring. These men have achieved a depth of feeling in their compositions which ballet academicians have long since buried under traditional formalism or a phony sort of contemporaneousness. What is needed to complete a long awaited ballet renaissance (the Soviet Union already enjoys this) is the application of these talents to worthier librettos.

Far less gratifying to the audience were *Carnaval* and *Swan Lake.* The Stadium's dimensions dwarfed Fokine's little romantic ballet, *Carnaval,* which opened the program. Fokine followed the same formula previously set in his *Sylphides* to interpret the mood of the music. *Carnaval* is Robert Schumann's own title for a series of short piano portraits of Harlequin and Columbine, Pierrot, and a couple of other *comedia dell' arte* creatures. Their little heart throbs and amorous entanglements belong, if any place, in an intimate theater. Nevertheless, Leon Danielian as Harlequin and Karen Conrad as Butterfly acquitted themselves excellently.

Anton Dolin's staging of a one act version of *Swan Lake* (originally Petipa's choreography to Tchaikovsky's first ballet, 1878), is the story of Prince in love with enchanted Swan Queen, but plot is secondary to the opportunities the classic offers its performers—opportunities of which both Nina Stroganova and Anton Dolin took advantage.

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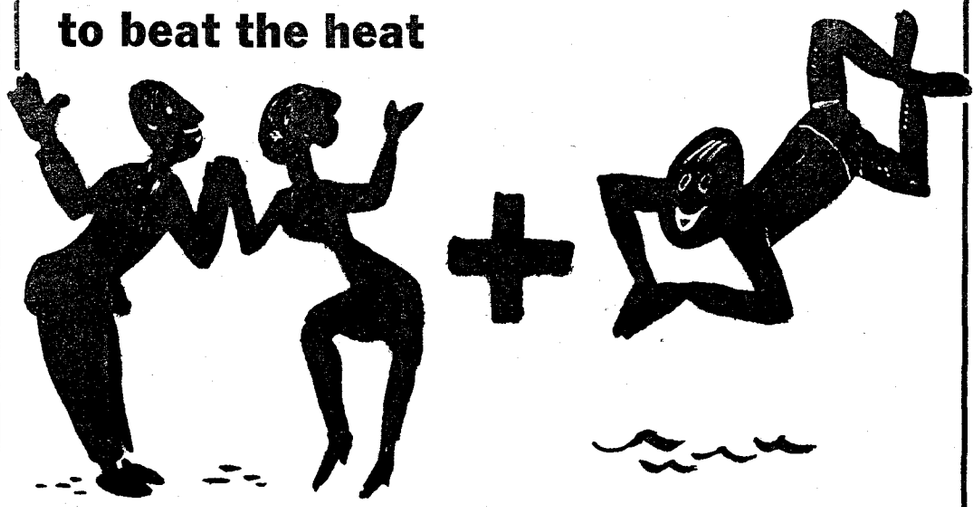

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Four short dances from Dolin's *Italian Suite* (1928) set to Cimarosa's music, completed the evening. Although no great shakes as compositions, they are effective show pieces, and were excellently performed.

Ballet Theater's third and possibly final set of appearances is due soon. Make it a date.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Peace Crusade

A report from Hollywood on a people's movement against war.

Hollywood.

IT ALL started on the twenty-third anniversary of Wilson's declaration of war, April 6, 1940. In Los Angeles "America declared peace" at a mass meeting sponsored by the Los Angeles Industrial Union Council, the California Youth Legislature, the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, and the Hollywood Peace Council. There were the labor leaders, Philip "Slim" Connelly of the CIO, Elmer Mevert of the Maritime Federation, and Jim Coulter of the oil workers. There were the intellectuals, director Herbert Biberman, Dalton Trumbo, author of *Johnny Got His Gun,* and actor Maurice Murphy. Most important, there were the ten thousand, the people, who yelled, "We *demand* peace!"

After April 6 those people got a little restless. They wanted to do something. They packed every forum, every meeting. The Hollywood Peace Forum moved from the hall that seated eight hundred to an auditorium that seats 1,800. It was the same with other forums. The people who attended them were anxious. They began to speak their minds. Persons who had never spoken publicly before took the floor during "discussion." "What's the talk about?" they asked. "Where do we go from here? What can we *do?* Meetings aren't enough. Talk is cheap."

The main speakers, the men who led the April 6 meeting, got together. They called a meeting for July 8, on the steps of Los Angeles' massive City Hall. They jammed the streets. Eighteen thousand people listened to Biberman, Connelly, and the other leaders. "If you want to do something about it," the people were told, "organize. Get together." They paraded, without a permit, twenty-four blocks to the Olympic Auditorium to "do something about it." They wanted peace and they knew the people on the sidewalks wanted peace; so they marched over, around, and through the squad cops who tried to stop them.

At the Olympic the speakers didn't say, "We'll lead you, leave it to us." They said in effect, "This is your baby. If you want peace, *you'll* have to organize for it. We'll help when we can, but if you really want a Peace Crusade, *you'll* have to make it." That was okay with the people. They took over. They elected a council, elected John Stapp of Labor's Non-Partisan League executive director; Herbert Biberman, temporary chairman. They put Carey McWil-

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GOINGS ON

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liams on the council, too. They wanted all the men who had served the people. But more—they wanted the people themselves. Most of the council members had never been heard of before. There was, for instance, Dr. Morris Feder, "a plain MD"; R. C. Hildebrandt, a housepainter; DeLay Bennett, a carpenter. New leaders—from the bottom.

Peace clubs have been set up in all Los Angeles County's twenty-nine assembly districts. Each district has a head, a coordinator. Each member of the Crusade must belong to a club. Fifteen hundred members have pledged to form clubs, no club to have less than five members. Four hundred clubs are formally recorded. It is estimated another four hundred are active but unrecorded. The minimum membership of any recorded club is fifteen, the maximum 150. John Stapp says the Crusade will take 150,000 votes for peace to the Chicago Peace Mobilization of the Committee to Defend America by Keeping Out of War, August 31-September 2.

The Crusade has an educational committee headed by pretty and sensible Glenda Sullivan. It issues weekly newsletters. It has put out three pamphlets of a planned series of six or more, titled *Age of Treason.* For the most part, these pamphlets are filled with inadvertent admissions from the mouths of the warmongers. You'd be surprised how these lads have given their own game away. The committee also issues leaflets; each one that goes out is printed in numbers of 100,000.

Crusaders take advantage of the speakers' "school" of the Hollywood Peace Forum, headed by author Sam Ornitz. Ornitz' theory is that knowledge of the subject automatically makes you a speaker, and he has plenty of interesting case histories to prove it. Each speaker must bring in research material for the files used by the Crusade. Facts, and no brainstorms. These are just some of the details of Peace Crusade work. It's all done by volunteers from the Crusade clubs. They're very serious about it, and they're getting places. The peace agenda is full.

Executive Director John Stapp sums up the American Peace Crusade pretty well. "I don't know where this title 'executive director' came from," he says. "There's nothing executive about my job. I'm just a coordinator. The guys who make up this movement are the executives. They give the orders, they make the speeches, they do the learning. That's the way it should be, isn't it?"

The Peace Crusade should serve as a pretty fair warning to the gentlemen fishing around for an imperialist jackpot. The American people have learned a lot of lessons in the last year. They're putting them to good use.

That's the general idea of the American Peace Crusade. It's all told in the words on a banner carried in the June 8 parade by an unemployed worker from Los Angeles' skid row:

Roosevelt says, "I am a pacifist, but . . .
We must remain neutral, but . . ."
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CHARLES GLENN.

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